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THE STORIED WEB.

BY ALBERT C. FOLDER.

PENELOPE, as the Grecian poet extols her, sitting patiently at her loom twining the colored threads into pictures by day and undoing them by night is our first conception of a tapestry weaver. We are only children after all, and our minds cling to the most vivid illustration.

Penelope might have woven that most delicate web for the shroud of the hero Laertes and she and it would have been forgotten ages ago had she not been beautiful and a mourning young widow, using her loom as a weapon of coquetry against a clamor-

ing mob of young lovers. Although she has passed into our memories as the earliest weaver, the art of making pictures by colored threads was an old one in her misty time. The loom is one of the earliest steps toward civilization.

Primitive man first weaves twigs together as a protection against the storm with an instinct like that of the nest builder. The transition from twigs to the pliable hair of animals is an easy one. With the first inch of woven cloth pure savagery is left behind. The man has become a creator, a crea-



THE REPOSE OF DIANA, BY COYPEL,

ture who turns the raw materials of the earth to his own account.

The human instinct for art, that desire to make visible an ideal, to give a semblance of fact to a fancy, impelled the early races to give it expression

has properly its own style, depending upon its uses. The design for a jar or an enamel or an oil-painting is not suited to tapestry, which is pliable, decorative and designed to cover large surfaces, but its art is equally high. The



THE CROWNING OF FLORA.

through the mediums they possessed. It taught them to seek for dyes to color the threads and to intertwine them into pictures.

Tapestry differs from embroidery in being always an integral part of the fabric, instead of being applied to a web finished in itself; and from brocade in being always handwork, necessarily carrying the individuality of the workman. An artistic weaver of tapestry stands in exactly the same relation to art as an etcher or engraver. He does not servilely follow a pattern, but interprets, translates the picture before him into a tapestry.

Every medium of artistic expression

greatest artists delighted to draw cartoons for tapestry in the days of its glory, when there were weavers who were as celebrated in their art as any brush painter in his.

Raphael, Rubens, Boucher, Van Loo and Watteau were all designers of tapestry.

We of the modern world who have known the glory of an age whose works are visible to us lose sight of the ages when an art rose and fell. We think of tapestry as belonging to the European countries during the times of their greatest luxury and artistic development, but there are records of Grecian tapestries which were



WE DRINK TO BACCHUS,

the subject of songs of praise from that artistic and beauty-loving people.

The mantle of Alcisthenes was sold to the Carthaginians for \$130,000. It contained the portraits of its owner and nine of the gods of Olympus wrought in fine tapestry. Antiquity possessed all the knowledge of weaving and dyeing which we have to-day, and tapestries bearing the records of the deeds of gods and heroes were used for tents, for door curtains, for veils for sanctuaries and for coverings for walls.

If it were possible for us to have spread out before us the tapestries that have been woven in every country since the beginning of the art, we should have a complete history of civilization. There was no event, religious or civic, which was not attended by its symbolic tapestry. The triumphal march of the conqueror was hung with tapestries. The veil in the temple which was rent at the Crucifixion was of tapestry.

The East sent out bales of the precious fabrics and implanted its taste upon many countries. When Julian the Apostate overran the Assyrian empire, he found tapestries depicting war scenes which were interwoven with gold and silver and precious stones. But it was not until the Middle Ages that real loom-woven tapestries were made in Europe. The stuffs that were so called were brocades and embroideries.

The famous "Bayeux tapestry," or "tapestry of Queen Matilda," which represents the conquest of England by the Normans, is one of the best historical documents in existence, but it is not properly a tapestry at all, but an embroidery. It was made during the eleventh century, and from an artistic point of view is as crude as those early "samplers" of our American grandmothers. Trees are represented by sticks bearing half a dozen aces of spades. But the piece is over 70 yards in length and bears not less than 500 figures.

It is a complete history of the manners, customs, armament and art of the eleventh century. We see here how the warriors went to battle; we see the falcons at their wrists, their

armor, their types. One of the best portraits of Charlemagne was preserved in this species of embroidery.

The Crusades, which sent men out on a poetic quest, to bring them back laden with the spoils of the heathen and inspired with a knowledge which lifted Europe like leaven, brought the high-warp loom into Europe. The knights who went to conquer the despised holders of the sepulcher decorated their tents with the hangings and carpets they captured, and brought back the men who could make them.

Arras in France became a great center for the manufacture of tapestries, and in England the name of the town was given to the hangings. Hooks were put about the castle wall near the roof, and tapestries swung loose from these, beautifying the bare stones. They hung out a foot or two from the wall, making famous hiding-places. It was through the arras that Hamlet thrust his sword and stabbed Polonius.

But it is in the reign of Charles V in France, in the fourteenth century, that the real history of European tapestry begins. This wise king collected the best examples of Flemish and French tapestries, and gave orders for magnificent works to be executed. Some of these are still preserved in the Louvre.

For an art like tapestry to flourish it is necessary that it should have the most lavish patronage. The work of one man is only a few square inches a day, and a large hanging represents the artistic labor of years. With the royal favor in France arose famous weavers. One of these, Nicholas Bataille, has left some examples of his work, woven after the cartoons of Jean de Bruges, who was painter-in-ordinary to the king.

The tapestries of Arras were so prized that when the son of Philip the Hardy was captured by that fierce warrior, Bajazet, the conqueror asked Arras work for his prisoner's ransom. The hangings sent were a set representing the "History of Alexander."

In the fifteenth century there was no festival which was not decorated by the



APOLLIN.



soft, silky, brilliant products of the Arras looms. When a pope or an emperor was crowned or when a king went to war, the way was made sumptuous by the floating mobile pictures. The tapestries in the camp of Charles the Bold were the richest trophies taken by the Swiss when they defeated him. Unfortunately there arose at this time in France a taste for richness of material, for brilliancy, which overshadowed composition. Gold and silk were the materials, but the artistic conceptions were not so fine as they once were. Luxury was overshadowing true art. Toward the end of the century Italy began to make cartoons for the textile pictures. Into them came the spirit of true art, the grandeur

of drawing and the dramatic genius which has made Italy the mother of artists.

Mantegna, and even the great Leonardo da Vinci himself, drew the designs which were sent to Brussels and Arras to be woven. After a time, workmen brought their looms and set them up on Italian soil. Mantua was the first place chosen, and Andrea Mantegna was the artist who executed the drawings.

The looms sprang up everywhere, and tapestries were the gifts of kings to kings. Poets, inspired by the brilliant pictures on their undulating surfaces, covering over and beautifying ugly places, celebrated the old art re-



vived, as the Greek poets had done in former ages.

As the sixteenth century came on the Italy of the Renaissance placed tapestry on a par with painting, and all



Europe followed in its wake in the collection and display of masterpieces. At the famous meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold the tapestries gave the name to the interview.

The famous families of Europe began to gather those collections whose very names bear a meaning. The Medicis, the Borgias, the D'Estes and many others laid up treasures in the precious fabrics. The subjects of the pictures were in all cases similar. They were related to the public life and to the religious spirit of their day. Themes were taken from mythology, the Scriptures or the lives of heroes. Princes began to make use of tapestries to perpetuate their own victories, and the

great events of this epoch have no such reproduction in any other form.

Raphael's cartoons had a transforming effect upon tapestry designing. He made more of the borders. Up to this time they had been simply black and white fruits. He introduced birds of brilliant plumage and nude children, making an elaborate frame for the designs. Raphael was the originator of the purely decorative tapestries.

It was about this time that Brussels received the order which would alone have immortalized its workshops. Leo X the Magnificent, who gave his name to the sixteenth century, sent Raphael's cartoons of "The Acts of the Apostles" to Master Peter Van



Aelst to be made into tapestry. These tapestries were ten in number and were about 5 yards high and 42 long. The pope spared no expense and ordered the weaver to be equally lavish,

and the work was finished in four years. The tapestries cost about \$150,000, exclusive of the cost of the cartoons, for which Raphael received \$20,000. When the tapestries were



exhibited for the first time in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, on the 26th day of December, 1519, they brought forth universal admiration from the artists of the world. Nothing like them had ever been seen.

These tapestries had most strange adventures. On the death of the pope they were pawned. In 1527, at the time of the sack of Rome, several were stolen and one was cut to pieces. Two of the pieces were taken to Constantinople, to be restored to the Vatican in later years by a Montmorency.

Napoleon carried them back to France with him as part of his booty,

and they were put in the Louvre. Pope Pius VII succeeded in regaining them for the Vatican in 1808, and they hang there to-day.

This short account would read like a catalogue did it but mention the most famous tapestries that came from Brussels in the sixteenth century before the decline began.

The persecutions of the times took away the cunning workers, and the glory of the Renaissance was gone from Brussels forever. Its workmen and its fame were gradually being absorbed by Italy and France.

Francis I established a factory at



Fontainebleau which was short-lived, and there seems to have been some workers in England.

With the seventeenth century came Rubens, who renewed tapestry as Raph-



ael had done. Associated with him as a master of decoration, although not the greatest of artists, was Charles Lebrun, whose feeling for decoration was so strong that he made a tapestry picture whose movement thrills. The figures seem endowed with life, and they move dramatically as the hangings sway.

The year 1662 marks an event in tapestry making and brings us to the times which we recognize. This was the establishment of the Gobelin works in France.

The Gobelins had already enjoyed a great reputation for over two centuries. The founder of the house was a dyer, who found that the little river Bièvre had all the qualities for making a fine dye. He settled there and made a fortune. The Marquis de Brinville, the

husband of the celebrated poisoner, was a descendant of this house. This family was succeeded by that of Canage, who kept the name and added tapestry weaving to the industry.

Louis XIV made the Gobelin factory into a national institution, and placed Charles Lebrun at its head as general supervisor. The most skillful workmen were brought here, and under them were placed sixty children as apprentices. The aim of the factory was not only to supply the king and his court with tapestries, but it was to be a manufactory of decorative art in the highest sense.

Embroidery, wood-carving, mosaic and jewel work were all to be taken up and developed into the highest arts. The manufactory was carried on in a singular fashion. The man-



agement supplied the workmen with cartoons and the raw materials; they on their side delivered the tapestries at a fixed price of about \$200 a square yard.

In twenty-eight years, during Lebrun's lifetime, the factory produced 19 complete hangings in high-warp work and 34 in low warp. These were made from cartoons by Poussin and Lebrun, Mignard and Van der Meulen.

Lebrun put his own spirit into these works. In "The History of the King" the portraits and the entire expression of the composition show a skill in grouping and an artistic conception of the limits of textile painting which are most satisfying to the senses of beauty and proportion.

Lebrun more than any of the masters understood the medium of threads. He showed, too, a freedom of expression, a love of nature and an imagination which were remarkable in the day he lived. After the death of Lebrun Mignard was appointed director, but he was no worthy successor.

The foundation of the factory at Beauvais followed that of the Gobelins, and a little later Aubusson was made a royal workshop.

Brussels during this time was declining, until the work was coarse and bad. They tried reproducing the works of Teniers, but what was delicate in miniature became vulgar enlarged. The art in Italy was also beginning to decline.

In 1619 James I of England sent to Flanders for skilled tapestry weavers and established them at Mortlake, near London. The Duke of Buckingham, the Prince of Wales and other noblemen patronized the works and they developed rapidly. The factory purchased the cartoons of "The Acts of the Apostles," by Raphael, and wove one set.

Rubens and Van Dyke each made sketches for the Mortlake tapestries. Van Dyke conceived the idea of a series of tapestries for the great saloon at Whitehall, to represent "The Institution of the Order of the Garter," the "Procession of Knights," and some

other scenes. But the artist relied too much upon his position as favorite with the king, Charles I, and was too greedy. He demanded the incredible sum of \$5,000,000 for the cartoons alone. The work was never done. When Cromwell came to the rulership of England he caused the treasures of Mortlake to be sold at auction, and most of them found a home in France. The factory dragged along, doing miserable work, until it finally died.

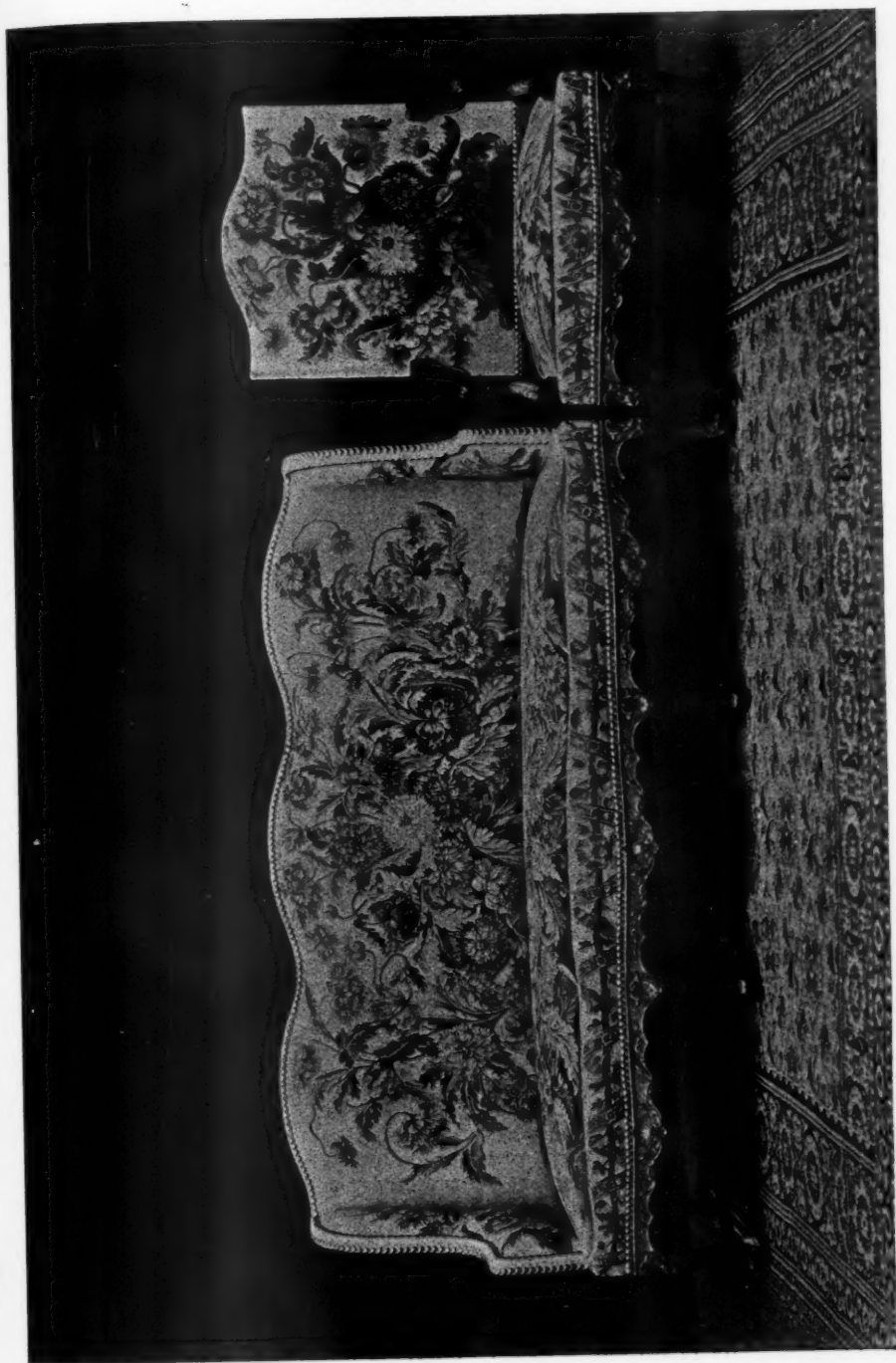
When the eighteenth century came coquettishly tripping in with its mincing gait and artificial manners, it took tapestry as its background and embellished it according to the fancies of the time. Greatness was lost in elegance and grace.

The stories of heroes, of battles, were no longer woven to show to the people on festivals. The people were entirely lost sight of. Religious and patriotic hangings were put out of sight. The hunts of the king, Louis XV, were celebrated. Shepherds with ribboned crooks and shepherdesses in silken gowns were woven in artificial landscapes.

It was the eighteenth century which gave us the exquisite pictures framed in delicately carved wood for the backs and seats of chairs. Previous to this the benches and stalls, bedsteads and shelves, in churches and castles had been covered by tapestries, designed to conceal their rude construction or to soften them, but the chairs we know to-day originated at the Beauvais tapestry factory.

There still exists in Philadelphia one of these chairs whose tapestry was designed by Boucher, and which was once the property of Marie Antoinette. The design is a cupid shooting at a flaming heart. The style of the Beauvais tapestries was much criticised by artists. One of them said scornfully: "Boucher has brought his shepherd and their sheep and their lilac ribbons and laid them on the floor. We sit down on a dovecote and rest our feet on a seaport." But, after all, the tapestry coverings for furniture were charming.

It was at this time that the low-warp



GOBELIN TAPESTRY OF LOUIS XIV PERIOD.

weavers began to compete with their high-warp brethren, and technical skill was greatly advanced. Many famous painters and weavers came into notice. But there crept into the works new dyes that were used without being tested. In that day and time there was no thought of to-morrow; to-day's beauty and charm were sufficient.

The tapestry designs became more and more artificial, more and more pedantic, until real tapestry art was lost sight of in an attempt at servile copying of paintings. The artistic weaver was gone.

The French Revolution spared the establishment which had borne the envy of Europe, although Murat opposed it as the plaything of kings, as all the signed tapestries made were taken by the government and presented to favorites. The history of tapestry in the eighteenth century ends sadly. Poverty came to noble France. Cheapness came to be the one thing desirable. Printed papers and figured stuffs were generally used. Tapestries were thrown aside as old-fashioned, packed away in attics or used as carpets. They were almost given away.

But our own day has seen the world realize their value as historical documents and as works of art. Their value has increased many fold, and the best examples of the best schools are eagerly sought by dealers.

The factory at Gobelin is again in full working order, turning out fabrics to adorn the palaces of every country. Many of these have come to America. When Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt lately finished his great house in New York, much of it was paneled in tapestry. In his hallway is one of the old Gobelins from the famous Château Fontainebleau collection, for which he paid \$25,000. Another American recently purchased a set by Boucher, four pieces, for \$80,000. Another set, by Coypel, also in America, we reproduce in this article. Its value is \$50,000.

Within the past year there has been such a demand for tapestries in America that workmen have been brought

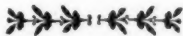
from France and a factory set up on the river Bronx, near New York. It was by a mere chance that the works were put in this place. Near the Bronx there is a large French colony which the workers were sent to live among. It has now been discovered that the water of the little river has some peculiar quality which produces perfect dyes. The apprentice system was the annoying feature here in America. No art can take root unless its workmen are natives, and the American boy is not content to work at a trade while he earns little or nothing. This difficulty was taken away by a Catholic orphan asylum offering a number of apprentices. American women were quick to see an opportunity for a new industry for them, and already several of them are at work, new Penelopes, at the tapestry loom. The threads are upright against the cartoon, which is placed behind. The worker takes up his single thread of color, twines it about the warp according to his copy, and presses it home with an ivory comb. He works from behind his picture and never sees it until it is finished. We illustrate many of the pieces turned out by this loom.

There is one fault to find with the product of the American factory, notwithstanding its beauty of texture and workmanship. It copies too closely the patterns of the Gobelins, which have in the last two centuries lost their artistic individuality as tapestries. A tapestry should take on the character of its originator. These tapestries show their imitative qualities. They are not original, not American, however beautiful. America has come to that point in luxury of living when tapestries properly belong to her. They should represent our own ideas of decoration, our own subjects, our own legends, interpreted by our own artists. The amateur in the study of tapestry has a long lesson before him. Every great hanging had a mark of its own, usually composed of something resembling the monogram of its maker's name and that of the works were it was dyed and woven.

The signing has as much to do with the value of a tapestry as with an oil-painting.

As it was against the royal command for any tapestry to leave the Gobelin factory until it had been inspected by a royal personage, many pieces were made for private individuals which were not marked and officially had no existence at all. After the Revolution, when the effects of no-

blemen came into the market, many of these pieces were found. Some of them are in the best style of their times. An age of wealth and luxury is necessary to foster tapestry making. We are entering upon such a one in America, and the day is probably not too many centuries in the future when American tapestries will hang beside the Flemish and French, as distinctive and original as they.



HOPE'S PANSIES.

BY ALICE LENA COLE.

MISS AGATHA'S piazza was wide and cool. Refreshing breezes from Lake Adair stole up to the great house on the hill-slope, passing directly over the farm-houses and high tenements in the village at its foot, and scarcely moving the wreaths of smoke which hung about the tall chimney of the mill.

It was very comfortable there on that particular morning. Miss Agatha looking down could see the mill, so near that one could almost hear its subdued hum like a great human hive; she could see the farmers and often their wives and children with them out in the hay-fields, bearing the burden and heat of the day, for every man, woman and child in Cokely—excepting Miss Agatha—earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. What need was there for her to toil? There was Roger to care for the grounds and Jane, his wife, to do the housework. James Ashley had left his daughter, or daughters—for there were two when he died—a liberal maintenance. Years ago he had built the mill, but on his death it had been allowed to pass into other hands.

Agatha was like her father, tall and fair. Agatha was an Ashley name, too; it had been in the family for generations. Agatha's mother had suggested the name for her first child,

knowing that her husband would wish it. But when the other baby girls came, one after another, following a fancy of her own, she had christened them Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith had lived only long enough to lisp her own name in pretty baby accents, and scarcely a week after little Charity's birth mother and child slept together in the same grave.

So Agatha and Hope, after their father's death, were all in all to each other. They were very unlike. Hope was her mother over again. She had the same expressive dark eyes and graceful little figure.

After the keenness of their grief had worn away they were very happy together. Sometimes they went to the city to visit their father's friends, and often there were guests at the hillside home. Yet the village and its people were very dear to them, and when the village folk had joked them about lovers, they had merrily declared they would grow old together. But that was ten years ago.

The old house was still the same within and without. The piano was open, with Hope's music on the rack. Her unfinished picture stood upon the easel, with the brush near by, as if dropped but yesterday. The dainty trifles which her deft fingers had fashioned lay everywhere. But Hope

herself was not there. Agatha was already beginning to grow old, but Hope's youth was immortal.

Out under a tall elm tree was Hope's pansy bed. Roses and lilies, honeysuckles and daffodils flourished on every side, thanks to Roger. But pansies had been Hope's especial favorite, and she had cared for them with her own hands. Here one spring she had sown the seed of a rare strain of pansies, but she never plucked the blossoms. When autumn came there was a new mound in the churchyard. Thenceforth to Agatha the spot where these pansies grew was hallowed ground. When she saw them blossoming, more large and beautiful than any she had ever seen, she thought tenderly, "How Hope would have liked them!"

Oh, the care that Agatha lavished on that pansy bed! Though not a worker in the ordinary interpretation of the word in Cokely, yet here at least she wrought with patient, loving toil— toil that was amply rewarded. Such pansies smiled back at her! Great purple ones, royal in color and texture; yellow ones as sunny as unalloyed gold; pure white, rich brown and wine shades and many another color, never seen except in a pansy bed. No wonder that all who saw or heard of them were filled with admiration! No wonder that many a pansy lover was emboldened to plead for "just a few," notwithstanding the certainty of refusal! Miss Agatha could not bear to think of giving away even one of Hope's pansies. Every week she placed clusters of them on Hope's grave.

She led a very quiet life. No longer did she care to go to the city or to entertain many guests. She seldom saw even the village people now, except on Sunday, when she sat in her old place at church. They respected her, but stood in awe of her. Things were not as they used to be, for she had gradually drifted apart from them. No one came up to grasp her hand in friendly greeting, to relate the fortunes and misfortunes of the week and to go away with a homely good wish, sweet

and sincere as a benediction. They knew well to whose charity they were indebted. But Agatha permitted the hands of others to dispense her gifts, and she herself did not even know the names of those who received what she gave.

She was very thoughtful that July morning, for she had begun to realize that she was no longer young. This realization had not come gradually, but had burst upon her with the force of a sudden and awful revelation—as it always does upon those who in their youth had high, unselfish aspirations which they have permitted the years to brush aside or trample in the dust.

"Why have I lingered here so long like a coward? Have not others far more bitter griefs than mine? Is there not need of workers in the great world outside this peaceful valley, with its sorrow, want and sin, while I sit here idle?" was the burden of her thought.

She looked out beyond the mill with its staring windows, the tenements with the children swarming about the doors, the church spire pointing upward like a taper finger, and the farmhouses lying full in the glare of the sun, far beyond these to the purple mountains keeping guard above them all and the far-off river, like a narrow silver ribbon, wending its way to the sea.

So steadily she gazed and so busy were her thoughts that she seemed at length to be staring into nothingness, and then, as in a dream, a misty haze fell over all and her eyes beheld a path that led at first through fields where pansies grew, and even as she looked at the pansies they shriveled dry and dead, till the ground beneath them looked like a desert. On, on through these barren places went the path for a long way and then it wound about through waving yellow harvests. "Oh, if the haze would only lift!" was her unspoken wish. In an instant it faded away like a mist, and lo! the harvest fields lay not beyond the mountains, but in the very heart of the village.

Aroused by a brisk step on the walk, Agatha decided that she must have been dreaming and was puzzled at the

strangeness of her dream. Rising to greet her caller, she stood face to face with Mrs. Martin, the village pastor's wife, who took a seat beside her. Mrs. Martin's talk was of the village people, for her life was bound up in theirs. Always before she had found Miss Ashley ready to give generously to those in need, but never had she seen her so eager a listener.

Mrs. Martin went away and Agatha was left alone. No longer was the meaning of her dream obscure. She looked full at the little village in the valley, comprehending, as never before, the beauty, the pathos, the tragedy of the lives lived there, the daily toil and sacrifice, the sin and temptation.

Suddenly her reverie was disturbed, for a little child raised his head to the level of the piazza; a little child with beautiful dark eyes all aglow with excitement, rosy cheeks and shining hair which curled in ringlets all over his head, and oh, the rogue! in his hand he held a purple pansy.

"Tank 'oo," he said, "my mamma likes pansies. I'm a-doin' to take this one home to 'er. I—I wunned away," hanging his head.

Agatha did not hesitate for a mo-

ment. Yesterday she would have wrenched the flower from his clinging fingers, but not to day. She took him in her arms and kissed his chubby cheeks and moist red lips. Then she filled his hands with Hope's pansies and watched him trot away contentedly.

Years afterward, late in the twilight of an autumn day, a woman passed down the village street. Time had dealt kindly with her, for although her hair was streaked with gray, her face had grown beautiful with a beauty that baffles description. All who met her greeted her lovingly and seemed willing to linger by her side, but she hastened on her way, for she knew that in the further tenement men and women were grinding out their lives in poverty and sin. She carried a basket on her arm, and her hands were filled with pansies.

A voice floated out from the church and she paused to listen, for it was a song that Hope used to sing. Clear and sweet it echoed in her ears:

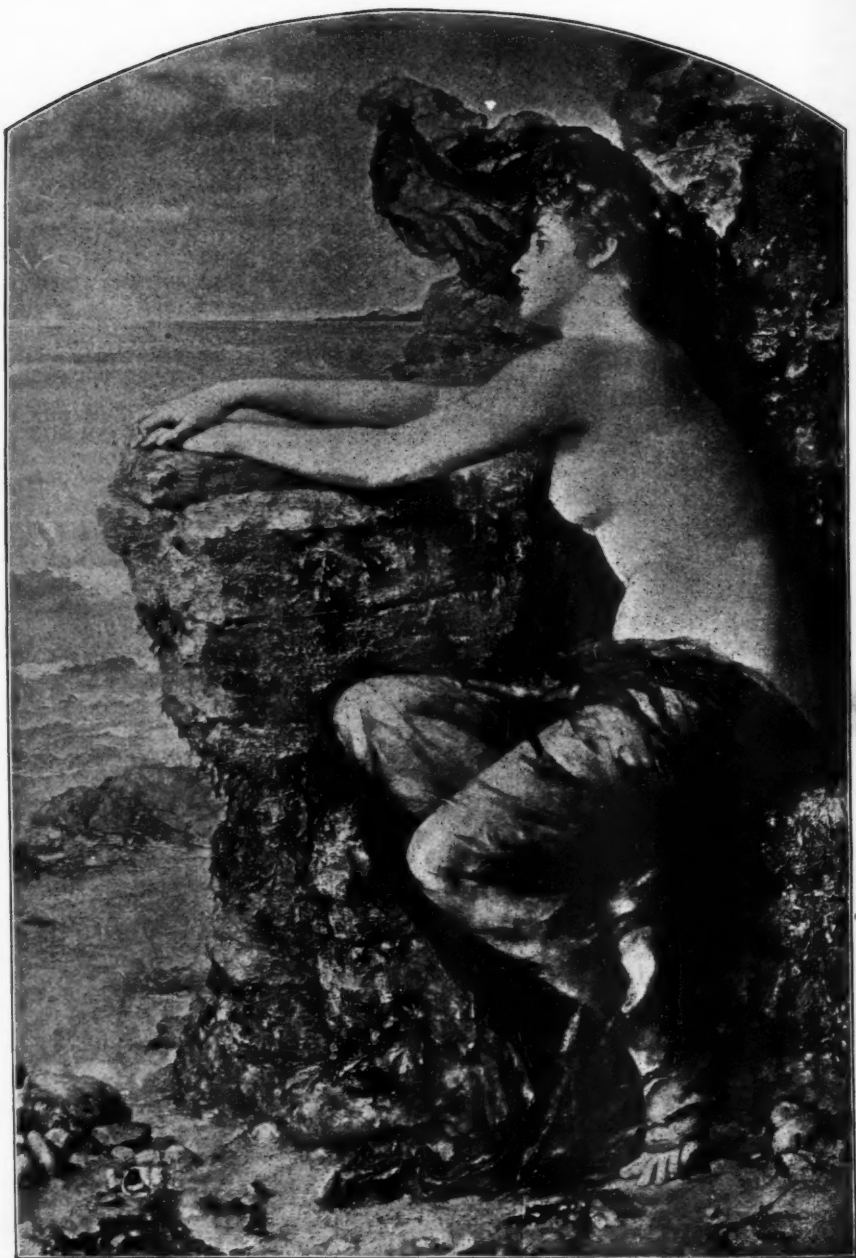
"Who gives himself with his gift feeds
three:
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."



THE TIDE OF LIFE.

BY WM. SIDNEY HILLYER.

UPON the tide of unreturning years
Lost hopes are borne like derelicts at sea;
Before the winds of time they scud and flee,
And bear with them our specious freight of tears,
And carking cares, and erstwhile gloomy fears.
Perchance they yet may anchor in the lee
Of wayward fate, and there ride safe and free
What time our life toward its sunset nears.
Within the harbor of our latter days
May safely rest the argosies of youth;
And as upon their beauty still we gaze,
Then happy we, if the fair flag of truth
Unfolds itself unto our yearning sight,
Ere yet comes on the long and silent night.



ARIADNE.

From the painting by Henrietta Rae,

A FLORENTINE ROSE.

BY ANNA W. YOUNG.

PART I.

WHERE can Reata be? "I made so sure of meeting her here."

The voice was full of vexation as its owner raised his lorgnette and surveyed the crowd passing before him.

It was an Italian summer morning, and the Tuscan city of flowers was aglow with sunlight, while to its uttermost limits echoed sounds of revelry.

It was a gala day, and, though quite early, the entire populace seemed to have forsaken their houses, and under the sapphire sky vied with each other in keeping in merriment the day they honored. There were crowds everywhere—at the street corners, on the broad squares and beneath cool arcades—all laughing and talking and gesticulating as if life held never a care and were altogether a jest.

The great tide of human life, however, swept on to the gardens—the vast, matchless gardens—with their great bowers of Florentine roses and spacious terraces; their dim, deep avenues and groves of ilex, larch and lime.

Groups of peasants passed to and fro, singing and dancing to the soft music of the mandolin; young nobles rode slowly by on gayly decked horses or chatted around carriages filled with beautiful women; while on the terraces swarthy-browed children played at hide-and-seek in the deep velvety grass, and dark-eyed flower-girls filled their baskets with bunches of roses. Altogether it was a gay and festal scene, and would have charmed Harold Desmond's artistic eye had he been in his usual debonair mood.

He was standing on one of the terraces, apart from the crowd, but as successive groups of girls approached his retreat he started forward and eagerly scanned each dark face as it

glanced archly into his. He had a laugh and a gay word for them all; but his handsome countenance clouded with disappointment as he failed to see the one he sought.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed as another bevy of girls swept by; "but I'll find her if I have to search all Florence! My 'Florentine Rose' will prove an absolute failure unless she will agree to pose for it. But I doubt if she will consent to do so, for, by Jove, though as poor as a beggar, she is as proud as Juno! Ah, the saints be praised, she is coming!"

The words died on his lips as the welkin rang with the sweetest of voices:

"Florentine roses opened at dawn,
Florentine roses fresh from the lawn;
Culled from the bank where Arno reposes—

Who'll buy, who'll buy Florentine roses?

"Who'll buy my roses—Florentine roses?
Subtle the power in their heart that reposes;

Born of the breeze and the floweret's reply—

Love-laden roses, signors, who'll buy?"

An expression of delight flashed into the artist's deep gray eyes as he watched the slight, graceful form and dark, tender face of an Italian girl who walked slowly toward him, bearing on her arm a basket filled with great crimson roses.

"A gay song, signorina, and sung with true Florentine sweetness," Harold exclaimed as he ran down the terrace.

"With your glowing harvest of roses, you look the incarnation of Flora." The words were lightly spoken, but marked with more deference than were those addressed to the other flower venders. "But you are late, when of

all times you should have been out bright and early. Nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," she answered as the vivid blush his compliment had brought to her cheek faded. "I am in great trouble. Poor Carlotta is very ill. She grew suddenly worse last night, and I could not leave her until I had found some one kind enough to take my place."

"But why leave her at all? Can you not forego the pleasure of gathering flowers until your old friend is better?"

The girl gave him a swift, pained look.

"Pleasure, signor! Do you think I gather them for the pleasure it gives me? *Dio mio!* They are beautiful and I love them, but not all the flowers in Florence could tempt me to leave my old foster-mother while she is ill. No, signor, my daily bread and hers depends on my sale of these pretty things, and if by any chance I miss a day we suffer for it. As long as Carlotta was well and strong I was not driven to this, but now—"

Her voice quivered and broke, and she drew her hand across her eyes to hide the fast-gathering tears.

Desmond looked at her pityingly; then broke out impulsively:

"I say, Reata, this will never do. Go home, child, and I will send you directly a basket that will serve to keep the wolf from your door. Until Carlotta is better you must allow me to care for you."

The girl's face flushed furiously and she answered angrily:

"Do you mean to insult me, Signor Desmond?"

"Insult you!" the artist cried, somewhat crestfallen at the manner in which his intended kindness had been received. "What is there insulting in an old friend like me offering to help you when you are in trouble? Why, I have known you ever since you were a mere tot playing in your father's studio, and saved your life besides when that unlucky boat capsized on the Arno. If I have not a right to help you, I should like to know who has. Child, you are

too proud! But listen while I tell you how we can arrange matters so that I can assist you without there being a fraction of indebtedness on your part."

She raised her beautiful eyes, from which the storm of passion had already passed, to his.

"Do you not remember when you brought some roses to my studio that I told you I should want ere long a model for a picture I had in view? Well, I am seeking one this morning, and if you will agree to give me a few sittings—there, you are angry again. Believe me, I would never advocate your posing for any other fellow; but for the life of me I cannot see the impropriety of your doing so for me, particularly when I feel—well, just like your elder brother. Come, Reata, be reasonable, and you will make me your debtor for life."

She gave him a searching look, then burst into tears.

"You are very good," she said brokenly, "and I thank you. If I hesitate to accept your offer it is only because Carlotta has told me an artist's studio is no place for a young girl. But, as you say, we are old friends, and—and—oh, Signor Desmond, I will tell you the truth—we are very, very poor. I am not always successful in selling my flowers, and our hearth is often cold and Carlotta suffers for food and medicines. Yes, I will pose for your picture and give you the first sitting to-day, to-morrow, whenever you wish."

"To-morrow, then," Harold answered, grasping her hand; "and, dear signorina, accept a thousand thanks, for in your footsteps I am sure will follow fame and fortune."

She smiled wistfully, murmured a low *addio*, and a moment after he heard her singing clear and sweet:

"Gallants, I warn one and all ere we part,
Gather no rose with a worm at the heart;
Mortal the venom their fold that incloses;
Poison there is in sweet Florentine roses."

Harold Desmond's studio was on the fifth story of an old Italian palace where in ages past generations of nobles had

held their carnivals of hate and pleasure.

It was a dreary pile, but with broad corridors and vast apartments, the walls of which were canopied by ceilings rich in arabesques and frescoes. A marble stairway wound upward through stories that reeked with dirt, mold and damp until it reached the corridor on which Harold's studio opened.

If the rooms below were dark and dismal, this one at least glowed with warmth and light. It was of superb dimensions, and across its center hung a purple cloud of curtain which Harold had rescued from oblivion in one of the old curiosity shops of the city. The room abounded in all the paraphernalia peculiar to studios. There were pictures everywhere—on the walls, on the floor—many of them the artist's own creations; but the greater number were copies of some of the paintings that go to make up the wealth of the Florentine galleries. Here were gods and goddesses, satyrs and angels, lovely madonnas and dark-browed sibyls, paint pots and brushes, tottering easels and broken statuettes—all scattered about with an utter disregard of nature's first law.

Desmond was preparing for Reata's first sitting when he heard light footsteps coming down the corridor, and the next moment a girl's musical voice called:

"May I come in, Harold, or are you too busy to receive a visitor?"

The artist sprang to the door, his face aglow with pleasure.

"Olive, my darling, I am never too busy to welcome a visit from you! You come so seldom that I may well liken your visits to those of the traditional angels."

Olive Vernon, with her violet eyes and Hebe bloom, was a lovely vision as she stood the fairest picture in her lover's studio. The sheen and amber glory of the morning sunlight flashed over the tall, graceful form and touched caressingly the pure and noble face smiling beneath its coronal of golden hair.

"In her tender beauty she looks like

a wandering Saint Cecilia," Harold thought as he led her to a chair and threw himself beside her.

Olive took in at a glance the disorder of the room and rallied Desmond gayly about it.

"When will you learn to keep things in their place, Harold?"

"Just as soon as a certain young lady shares my name and becomes my teacher. When shall that be, Olive?"

He caught her hands and looked at her with all his soul in his eyes.

"I did not come here to talk nonsense," Miss Vernon answered, bending over a vase of Parma violets, "but to borrow your copy of the Cenci."

"And you shall have it," her lover said as his hand tightened around hers. "But tell me first, Olive, why do you repulse me whenever I attempt to urge our immediate marriage? Do you know I sometimes think you have ceased to care for me—that you would be glad were I to release you from your promise to become my wife?"

His voice was low and full of passion, and as Olive listened to his earnest pleading the smile faded out of her bright face.

"You should not doubt my affection," she answered, looking reproachfully at him. "If I do not yield to your wishes, dear Harold, it is because I love you too well to allow you to sacrifice your prospects of a brilliant future for what would prove an unwise marriage. We are both poor, and to incur the never-ending toil of the breadwinner; and in the treadmill of fret and worry that would follow, how could you hope to realize your aspirations of becoming a famous painter? You must think me drearily prosaic, but life has a practical side that will not be ignored. No, artist mine, we are young and can afford to wait until fame has bound your brow with her chaplet. When your future is assured I will become your wife."

"Then I shall work as I never worked before, knowing what my reward shall be; and unless fame prove herself

only a fleeting shadow, it shall not be a great while before I win my wife."

He attempted to take her in his arms, but she eluded his grasp and had turned to arrange some of the scattered bronzes, when a knock at the door startled her.

"It is probably one of the students. I'll hide behind this curtain until you can send him away," she said, laughing and drawing the heavy drapery dividing the room around her.

"It is only Reata Savellie, whom I have induced to pose for 'A Florentine Rose,' the picture on which, as you are aware, my ambitious hopes are staked."

He thought as he spoke that no painting of his would ever compare with this living one laughing at him from its royal purple frame.

The girls presented a striking contrast as they smilingly greeted each other—the one so tall and lily-white, the other slender and petite, with dark, richly tinted complexion, great starry eyes and scarlet lips.

Olive was proud, high-toned and steadfast, with a hatred for shams and deceit. Her affections were deep and strong, but she held them under such perfect control that her lover often rebelled at her unemotional nature and declared she had no heart at all. Then his goddess would suddenly unbend and prove so clearly the breadth and depth and richness of her love that for the time his doubts and fears would vanish.

Olive was the only child of an American gentleman who years before, on the death of his young wife, had left his native land and established his home in Florence.

Mr. Vernon was no artist, but his tastes were decidedly artistic. He knew a good picture when he saw it, and was never more content than when studying the treasures of the cathedrals and galleries of his adopted city. Olive usually accompanied him and, child though she was, did such good work in the way of copying that he was convinced of her artistic talent. To encourage and develop this gift became the prime motive of his life.

No act of self-denial—and there were many, for Edwin Vernon was poor—was too great that would assist and advance her in her studies. And thus it was that Olive entered that enchanted realm known as "Bohemia."

Reata—ah,

"She was passion's child, born where the sun
Showers triple light and scorches e'en
the kiss
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters."

Her father, an Italian sculptor, died young, leaving to his motherless girl no legacy save the beauty and deep passionate nature that had been so pre-eminently his own. His wife, who was of higher birth than himself, had been disinherited on her elopement with the handsome young sculptor, and died during Reata's infancy.

All the idolatrous love he had lavished on the fair girl who had renounced home and friends for his sake was bestowed on the daughter she had left, and he humored and petted Reata to such an extent that no marvel she was often willful and heedless of all guidance save the promptings of her own undisciplined heart.

After the sculptor's death she was virtually alone in the world. Her mother's people, if they knew of her existence, took no interest in her, and her father was without kith or kin.

Reata lived with the old nurse who had taken her from her dying mother's arms and soothed the last moments of the sculptor by her solemn promise to care for the desolate orphan as long as her own life lasted. And well did she redeem her promise. Her thrift and economy not only enabled her to feed and clothe her charge, but to fairly educate her.

It was not until prostrated by a long and serious illness that she was forced to relinquish her efforts in behalf of her foster-child.

Reata was seventeen when the task of earning her daily bread was forced upon her, and it was hard work for one who had never toiled. But the girl's inherent nobility of character

now asserted itself, and she bravely and cheerfully bore the burden that had fallen on her young shoulders.

By dint of selling flowers and weaving baskets and hats of leghorn she managed to provide for herself and Carlotta; but as the old woman's illness continued and called for greater care and a physician's skill, Reata found it impossible to make ends meet with the meager amounts she received for her flowers and handiwork.

And so when Harold Desmond asked her to pose as a model for his "Florentine Rose," she was grateful, though she had a fierce struggle with her pride ere she did so.

She did not always recollect the lessons Carlotta taught, but there was one she did remember, and so held herself aloof from studios and the questionable girls that frequented them. Harold had spoken truly when he declared that Reata and he were old friends. Years before he had been attracted by her childish beauty as he saw her day after day in her father's atelier, and won the sculptor's eternal gratitude when he rescued his darling from the rushing waters of the Arno.

Harold Desmond was an American studying art in Florence, and there was not in all "Bohemia" a handsomer, more talented or debonaire young bohemian.

He was one of those characters who by their native wit and intelligence, never-failing flow of good spirits and good-nature, make friends of all with whom they come in contact.

Some people, it is true, ventured to assert that Harold could on occasion prove himself utterly soulless, and lived for but one object, the fulfillment of his artistic dreams; that under his armor of gayety and *insouciance* was concealed an inordinate ambition, and to gratify this he would not scruple to crush the best impulses of his heart.

Edwin Vernon was the first to scout this slander—if such it were. He considered Harold a fine, gifted young fellow, sure to make his mark in the world of art; and later, when he became a

suitor for Olive's hand, Mr. Vernon gladly sanctioned their engagement, believing that when his own life closed, which it might at any moment from some heart trouble, his daughter would find in her lover a noble and devoted protector.

Many a woman looking at Reata's beautiful face would have felt a pang of jealousy, knowing how many days her lover and this girl would pass together—days in which she should have no share, no memory. But no such ignoble sentiment crossed Olive's mind as she extended her hand cordially to the flower-girl.

"Signor Desmond should be congratulated on having secured you as a model. With such a face before him he cannot fail to make his picture all that his ambition would have it!"

"Ah, *Dio mio!*" the girl answered in her soft sonorous language, "I shall be so glad to serve him. You do not know, signorina, how kind, how good he is. Often when I return home weary and discouraged, for I sell so few flowers, I find the signor has been there with bread and wine and fruit for poor Carlotta. Ah, he is our great, good angel!"

She raised her starry eyes to Harold's with a look in which reverence blended with gratitude.

"A great, good angel!" Olive said, laughing. "It seems you are posing yourself, Harold, and in quite a new character. How long since you began the *rôle* celestial?"

"Nonsense," Desmond answered gayly. "Reata is making much ado about nothing. I have only made her a slight payment in advance for the sittings she has agreed to give me."

"And from the first of which I must no longer detain you," Olive interrupted. "By the bye, Harold," she continued, drawing on her gloves, "I presume I may come quite often to watch the growth of the picture?"

"I should prefer you did not see the painting until it is finished," the artist answered with some hesitation, as if he feared his words would pain or offend her.

But Miss Vernon took it all in good part and answered brightly:

"I comprehend. You and the signorina are to have the painting all to yourselves until it is ready for criticism, then I shall be admitted. Very well; but look to your laurels, for I shall prove myself a stern and impartial critic."

She shook hands with Reata and left the room followed by Harold.

"You are not vexed, Olive?" he asked wistfully as they stood on the broad landing of the stairway.

"Vexed, you foolish Harold! Believe me, I prefer not to see the painting until it is ready for exhibition. And now go back to your work, and may the shades of the old masters who wrought in this our city of adoption touch your brush with the fires of their genius and make you great, my own dear Harold!"

She raised her pure, delicate face, aglow with deepest feeling, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, touched his brow with her lips. In an instant his arms were around her.

"If I am ever famous—if I ever reach the heights—it will be because you, my darling, have ever shone as my pilot star, leading me on when often I should have fallen faint-hearted by the way."

His voice thrilled with its passionate intensity, and into his gray eyes flashed the tender radiance of a love that constituted the purest, strongest passion of his nature.

For a moment the girl lingered in his embrace, yielding to the sweet joy of feeling his touch upon her lips, her cheek, her shining hair, then attempted to release herself.

"You must promise one thing, sweetheart, ere you leave me," Harold exclaimed as his clasp tightened around her. "When I have won my laurels—and win them I swear I shall—and my 'Florentine Rose' holds the place of honor on the walls of the Royal Academy, promise that on that very day you will become my wife."

He was terribly in earnest, and the girl's beautiful eyes faltered and the splendid color flashed over her face as

she listened to her lover's impassioned pleading.

"It shall be as you wish, dear Harold. When your 'Florentine Rose' is finished I will become your wife," she said softly; then, before he could whisper the loving, joyous words that rose to his lips, she had darted away and was far down the broad marble stairway, waving him a laughing good-by.

The days that followed were full of feverish toil for Harold. He had chosen as a subject the simple figure of a Florentine flower-girl whose story is told by an old Tuscan poet. This girl, so sings the bard, was a miracle of beauty, but a poor little waif who earned her livelihood by singing songs and selling flowers in the public gardens of Florence.

By a happy chance her beauty unadorned attracted the notice of a great lord of the land, who had her transported to his palace home, where she became an honored member of his household. Here, under his lordship's fostering care, her beauty deepened, and her mind, carefully cultivated, kept pace until, nearing the brink of womanhood, she seemed the embodiment of all perfection.

Then, when the noble lord's kindness had filled his *protégée's* heart with an immeasurable though subdued and saddened love—for she regarded him as the moth the star—he stooped from his high estate and raised her up to share his name and coronet.

This was the subject for which Reata had been selected to pose. Few accessories were to enter into the picture; the beauty and interest of it all centered in the look of doubt, amazement and ecstatic delight which flashes across the girl's face, glorifying it with an almost unearthly brightness as she realizes that the heart to which her own has yielded so much is all her own. She stands alone.

The prince has just told the story of his love and been suddenly called away. She is wrapped in a dream of exquisite happiness; her eyes are shining, her cheeks glowing; perfect bliss radiates from every line of her beautiful face.

Harold knew his picture would prove an absolute failure unless he succeeded in depicting on canvas all the passion and radiance of the girl's expression as described by the poet; and to this end he labored. Every available moment was given to the work; for it he sacrificed his friends and all the gay diversions that go to make up the glad bohemian life. Only Olive was unforgotten. When the light failed and he could work no longer, he would throw aside his brush and go to her with the hopes and fears that alternately cheered and tormented him. And Olive would listen and encourage him in her own tender way, and so impress him with her confidence in his ultimate success that he would return to his work more resolved than ever to succeed.

Reata came regularly to the studio. The scruples she had felt at first melted away as time went on.

Harold Desmond had a theory of his own concerning models, and his eloquence in elucidating it, supplemented by the uniform courtesy and respect with which he treated her, quite won the girl over to his way of thinking.

Day after day she was alone with him in the great silent room. She watched him at first with a vague kind of curiosity as he caught every line and curve of her face and transferred it to his canvas, talking to him meanwhile unrestrainedly. But as the days rolled into weeks a change came over Reata. A fitful constraint took the place of her bright, natural manner. There were times when she avoided Harold's eyes, and her face would crimson at his touch, even at the sound of his voice.

Desmond was too absorbed in his work to detect this change in his model. It never entered his mind that while he was putting her face in glowing colors upon his canvas, he was at the same time setting the seal and superscription of his own image forever on her heart.

He often congratulated himself on having secured her to pose for him. Her splendid type of beauty answered perfectly to his conception of "A Florentine Rose," the name given to his

poem by the Tuscan bard, and which Desmond had decided to retain for his picture.

As the lovely face beamed on him from the easel he was conscious of feeling very kindly to the girl who, in a measure, was aiding him in his endeavor to achieve fame and fortune, and there were moments when he turned to her with such looks of eloquent gratitude, such tender pressures of the hand, that, all unconsciously to himself, served to feed the flame of passion stirring within her heart.

Summer waned and autumn was holding her regal sway, when one day, just as the glory of the western radiance was flooding the studio with its light, Desmond drew aside the curtain that veiled his now completed picture.

It was the "counterfeit presentment" of a girlish form standing out in bold relief from a background of crimson drapery, while around and above and beneath the figure glowed masses of Florentine roses. These formed the principal accessory of the painting and gleamed in the girl's flowing tresses and amid the heavy folds of her trailing robe of gold. The figure looked the incarnation of youth, beauty and sweetness, and was a piece of work of which the artist might well be proud. But Harold's countenance reflected none of the joy that the hour of fruition should bring to weary, toiling hearts. On the contrary, his face bore an expression of bitter disappointment, for he knew that so far as the girl's countenance was concerned he had utterly failed in his work.

It was Reata's face certainly that shone on his canvas, but there was a dreamy wistfulness in the depths of the splendid eyes that no happy woman's ever holds, and which had only of late crept into hers.

"It is the look of a girl over whose life some shadow has fallen, not the radiant glance of a woman whose heart is thrilled with the exquisite rapture of loving and being loved."

With an impatient gesture he dropped the curtain and threw himself wearily on his couch. Hour after hour he lay

there, while bitter thoughts chased through his brain. He had been so sure, so confident of success—and now——

"I will succeed—that I swear by all the dead immortal painters of Florence!" he cried, springing up and shaking his clinched hand as if in defiance of some mocking power. "Hope smiles on effort and all things are possible to those who do and dare."

As the long hours of the night wore away and Harold Desmond lay silent and motionless, a purpose grew and strengthened within his mind which was to change the whole groundwork of his life; and from which, when it first suggested itself, he recoiled with horror.

"It is fiendish—a suggestion of the devil himself!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet and pacing the floor with unsteady steps. "I am a monster to think of it! How Olive would loathe so diabolical a transaction. I can imagine the fine scorn flashing from those frank, true eyes of hers should she ever learn I had thought of enacting such a piece of deception and rascality. Besides, how do I know an experiment of that kind would succeed? I have but faint reason to suppose the girl cares one iota for me."

He spoke eagerly, and in the white moonlight his face looked worn and haggard.

He was making an effort to overcome the temptation assailing him, and the struggle was telling upon him. As he walked up and down the room he glanced ever and anon toward the curtain hanging like a dark cloud in the

weird light flooding the studio. Suddenly a strong gust of wind, sweeping in through the open window, stirred the drapery, and it fell to the floor, unveiling the picture.

In the mystic moonlight it looked dim and shadowy, and Harold started as his glance fell on its weird beauty. He took a step toward it, hesitated, then lit the burners of the large chandelier and turned their brilliant light full upon the painting.

"How it burns!" he exclaimed, with an exultant ring in his voice, as the splendid coloring of the picture burst upon him with the sudden accession of light. "It is perfect in all save the expression. By heaven, I wish I knew beyond all doubt that a few honeyed phrases of mine would banish the wistful look of those eyes and give to them the expression I long to see! They were not always so sad. If I am right in my surmise, it will be only necessary to play my part of lover well and give a few fresh strokes to that face with my brush, and then I may cry *vivat!*"

His face shone with feverish excitement as he began again to pace the floor.

"A truce to tormenting scruples! All's fair in ambition as in love or war. I will *make* her love me, if she does not already, and then——"

His voice broke sharply, and he bowed his head in his hands. He was quite still for some time, and when he raised his face again something had gone out of it—the something that had made it so frank and pleasant to look upon.

(CONTINUED IN JANUARY.)



HIRAM'S WIFE.

BY THOMAS HOLMES.

TEMPERANCE LOWLY stood looking eagerly toward the brow of the hill over which the dusty road dropped out of sight. Her head was enveloped in an apron, held in place by one thin hand under her chin. She was but a little taller than the post that sagged under the weight of the gate, fastened to it with leather hinges.

The pale face looking out from the folds of the apron was marked with anxiety. Deep furrows traversing brow and cheek and wisps of white hair unconfined by the apron bespoke the woman's age.

A strong breeze from down the valley blew in her face and brought with it over the brow of the hill a small whirling cloud of dust that rolled upward until it revealed a horse and wagon slowly rising into view.

Temperance raised her hand from the gate and, shading her eyes, looked intently at the approaching vehicle.

"It's him," she muttered, and leaving the gateway she walked down to the roadside.

The occupant of the wagon urged the horse that he was driving into a lazy trot by spasmodic twitches of the reins and finally reached the spot where Temperance stood.

"Did you hear anything, Lisha?" asked the woman when, in quick and willing obedience to a firm pull on the reins, the horse came to a stand.

"I've got a letter," answered the man.

"Hain't you read it?" inquired Temperance with a tinge of impatience in her voice.

"No, I hain't," replied Elisha shortly as he slipped the halter over the neck of the horse and tied it to a post.

"Well!" exclaimed Temperance, with just a shadow of anger in her

voice, "you must be a good deal interested in your boy, to carry a letter from him away up here from the post-office without readin' it. I couldn't 'a' done it, Lisha."

"Well, I ain't sure it's from Hiram."

"Ain't sure it's from Hiram?"

"No! don't look to me like his writin'."

"Maybe it's from his wife?"

"Maybe."

"You don't s'pose anything's happened to the boy, do you, Lisha?"

"Don't know. Here, you read it, won't you?"

Elisha Lowly drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to his wife. They had entered the house, and while Temperance was getting her spectacles he threw fresh fuel into the fireplace and sat down in an arm-chair.

Temperance drew a chair to the opposite side of the hearth, and after adjusting her spectacles carefully examined the address on the envelope.

"Tain't Hiram's writin'," she finally said. "I'd know his tees an' his els as fur as I could see 'em. It looks to me like a woman's hand."

She tore open the envelope and drew out the letter. She examined the signature. "Margaret H. Lowly," she read aloud. "Yes," she said, "'tis from Hiram's wife. Shall I read it out loud, Lisha?"

"Yes," answered her husband, "read it out, mother. Your eyes 're better'n mine."

Temperance held the page so that the light from the window fell on it and read:

FLAGSTAFF, Arizona. April 12, 1883.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Duty compels me to write to you, although it seems as if, in my sorrow, I could not find strength to do so. Hiram and I counted on being with you before this time, and I had anticipated oh, so much pleasure in visiting with him

his home and parents. How little we know of what the future holds for us. Two weeks ago yesterday we left San Francisco for Connecticut. Three days later an accident occurred to our train and Hiram was seriously injured. He was brought to this town, and in spite of all that the physicians could do he died. Our little Elisha and myself escaped uninjured, but, wicked though it may be, I sometimes wish that we might have died too. I know how terribly this news will wring the hearts of you and father, and I will not add my sorrow to your load of grief. Be as strong as you can and I will do my best to be a loving and faithful daughter to you both. I leave here tomorrow, with Hiram's remains, for Connecticut, and hope to be with you within four days. May God help us to bear this sorrow.

Your dutiful and loving daughter,
MARGARET H. LOWLY.

Temperance sat, as if turned to stone, for several seconds staring at the letter, then letting it fall to the floor, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly. Elisha was leaning forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees and his chin in the palms of his hands. His face was hidden by the stray locks of white hair that fell around it, and had not it been for the sobs that shook the old man's form, there would have been no visible evidence that he was weeping.

Perhaps he was desirous of concealing his grief from his wife, for he arose and, as he went over to stir the embers in the fireplace, he thoroughly dried his tears with his handkerchief and moved toward the door.

"Lisha!" said Temperance, just as the old man placed his hand on the latch.

"What is it, mother?" he answered, making a mighty effort to steady his voice.

"Don't you leave me now," said his wife.

The tone in which Temperance spoke was neither commanding nor imploring, but there was something in it which compelled Elisha to take his hand from the latch and return to his chair by the hearth. Again his elbows dropped

on his knees and his chin in his palms. With his lips pressed hard together he sat looking through a mist into the coals. There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of his wife and the crackling of the embers; then Temperance spoke.

"You're all I've got left now, Lisha," she said; "don't leave me for a little while. It's awful hard for me to bear, and it don't seem as if I could do it alone. I know you don't feel as bad about it as I do, for you never did forgive Hiram for goin' away so fur and leavin' us alone. But he thought it was for the best, Lisha, I know he did, and you know he always wrote about how he was comin' home some day, when he got rich, to take care of us. And you know, Lisha, he always thought more of you than he did of me. He was all we had and now he's gone. I never thought when he went away that he'd be brought home dead. Never thought that."

The anguished woman moaned in her grief piteously.

"Don't take on so, mother! There ain't no use'n cryin' so and you'll make yourself sick. I never did think the boy did right in leavin' us. He had his way, though, and this is what it's come to. You can't say I don't feel bad, for I do." The old man's voice shook weakly, and for a moment he pressed the tips of his fingers upon his eyelids. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. He quickly recovered his composure and continued: "I ain't sure, mother, but the boy's better off'n we be. We're old, and with Hiram's wife and boy to feed it's goin' to be hard with us. If we owned the farm we could do well enough, but we don't, and I don't see anything before us but the poor-house."

"We must do the best we can for them; it's our duty," said Temperance, drying her eyes with her apron. "We must do for Hiram's son just as we'd do for our own boy. You must know, Lisha, that Hiram thought a good deal of his father, for he named his baby after you. I can't bear to have you feel so toward the boy now

he's dead. You will forgive him now, won't you, Lisha?"

Temperance sat with her pale face turned squarely toward her husband. The tears were streaming down her cheeks and her eyes eagerly searched his features.

For a long time the old man made no reply. He sat immovable with his eyes on the fire. Suddenly he said:

"Yes, mother, I will. I don't want you to cry yourself sick over that. I'll forgive the boy, but I can't make myself think that he did the right thing by us. He was always headstrong, and you know that."

An expression of gratitude came into Temperance's drawn face. "I know he was, Lisha; I know he always liked his own way," she said, "but he was all we had, and I couldn't help lovin' him, Lisha, I couldn't help it." The thin hands covered the white face again and the bent form shook with the anguish that filled her heart.

Elisha arose and, passing out of the room, went down to the road where the horse stood. Unhitching the animal he led it into the barn. The creature was wofully warped in joint and limb. He had seen his best days years ago, but he was trustworthy and faithful, and above all he had been reared and trained to usefulness by Hiram, who the day before he left home gave the horse to his father, asking him to keep it until he returned. Perhaps the old man thought of that as he unfastened the buckles and removed the harness. Perhaps it came back to him how proud he had been, years before, of the boy that had subdued the spirit of the horse and how warmly attached to the animal the boy had been.

Whatever he remembered or whatever were the visions that he had, true it is that as the last strap was hung on the wooden peg, the old man leaned his arms upon a beam and, pressing his face against them, wept like a child.

The horse stretched out its neck and rubbed its nose on Elisha's shoulder. The old man turned and, putting his

arms around the animal's neck, pressed his face against its mane.

"I can't help it, Dick," muttered the man as he sobbed; "it may be weak in me, but I can't help it. I did love the boy, and I knew I did all the time that I've been so mean and told mother I couldn't forgive him. I always thought he'd come back and I'd show him that I didn't have no hard feelin' against him. And now he's dead, Dick; your master's dead! He's comin' back to me dead, and I can't never show him how much I thought of him."

The old man groaned in his agony.

When Elisha's grief had in a measure subsided, he led Dick into his stall and went to the house, muttering as he walked:

"All I can do for my boy now is to be good to his wife and child, and I'll do it. I'll work for them as long as I am able to. They shan't suffer if I can help it."

Hiram Lowly's remains were laid away in the cemetery near the village church where as a boy he had received religious instruction. His death and the arrival of his wife and child afforded the villagers an opportunity for gossip that they were quick to avail themselves of.

Watchful parents whose sons were developing a disposition to leave the paternal roof were solemnly warned against the fate that had overtaken Hiram Lowly. Economical housewives consulted among themselves and unanimately agreed that it was a sin for a woman as capable of supporting herself as Hiram Lowly's widow appeared to be, to take her child and "go to live with the old folks," who had all they could do to take care of themselves.

Meantime the old folks seemed to be of a different opinion. The burden of care that Temperance had borne uncomplainingly for years was materially lightened, and under the influence of Hiram's wife every shadow was turned into sunshine. Her deft fingers gave a cozy appearance to the rooms in the house, and the evenings by the fire-

side were made bright and cheerful by the young woman and her son.

If the old folks had lost a son they had gained a daughter who was, every hour, solicitous for their comfort. Regarding her ancestors Hiram's wife was silent. She had told that her parents were dead. That was all. It was enough for the old folks to know that she was a woman of deep character and kind to them.

One evening Elisha came in from the barn and took his usual seat by the fireplace. His grandson climbed into his lap, and fixing himself comfortably in the old man's arms said:

"Now, gran'pa, tell me the story about the good man who was put in the den with the lions and the lions wouldn't bite him."

"Can't you wait till some other time, Lisha? Gran'pa don't feel like tellin' stories to-night," said the old man.

"Are you sick, gran'pa?" asked the little fellow, looking inquiringly into the troubled face. This was the first time that he had been refused a story by him.

"No, my boy, I ain't sick," replied his grandfather, "but I've got a good deal to think of to-night."

Long after the old man had given the boy his good-night kiss he sat with his face turned toward the blazing logs, silent and absorbed in thought. Hiram's wife did all she could to dissipate the gloom that seemed to envelop him. Her efforts were unavailing.

As silent as her husband, Temperance sat at the opposite side of the hearth, busy with her knitting. Occasionally she gave her husband an anxious look, then plied her shining needles more rapidly than before.

At last Elisha shifted his position so as to hide his face from Margaret and said:

"It's hard, Margaret, but I've got to tell you. I knew 'twas comin' to this when you first came here, but I hated to tell you then. You'll probably think that mother'n I hain't been savin' and careful as we ought to been. But we have. We've worked hard all our lives and saved all we could, hopin'

some day to have a home of our own. But 'tain't no use. The mortgage's kept ahead of us all the time. We've paid off some of it, but for the last few years it's been all we could do to keep up the interest, and for two years we hain't been able to do that, and now to-morrow they're goin' to sell the place at auction. Mother has known it ever sence you come here, but she hain't had the courage to tell you, neither have I. We hate to leave the old farm, Margaret, for it has been our home for 'most fifty years. Here 'twas we raised our boy and"—the old man's voice failed him and his white head fell forward. Tears streamed down his face as, after a strong effort to suppress his agitation, he said—"for his sake I love it."

Temperance raised her head. There was joy shining in her furrowed face. "I knew it, Lisha! I knew you loved the boy all the time!" she cried, "but you wouldn't say so, for you thought it would be weak in you. Bless you! bless you for ownin' it."

Hiram's wife came and stood on the hearth where the firelight touched her face. There were signs of tears upon it, but her voice was steady when she said: "You should have told me this before."

"I couldn't, Margaret, we couldn't do it," the old man answered, shaking his head.

"Is the sale fixed for to-morrow without fail?" asked Hiram's wife.

"Yes," replied Elisha.

"Have you arranged for a home after leaving here?"

"Yes. I've rented a place in the village. I can get work there and take care of you all, but it won't be like home to mother'n me."

"It will be hard for you to leave the old place, I know," said Hiram's wife, "but you must bear up. I can do a great deal to make our home pleasant, and why shouldn't I? Aren't you very dear to me?"

"You're like our own child," said Temperance.

"We couldn't do without you, Margaret," the old man said. "If I can

make you and Lisha happy, that's all I care for."

"We shall be, father, and don't worry about it. We shall all be happy in our new home, I am sure."

When, an hour later, Hiram's wife retired, there was no sign of anxiety or unhappiness in her face.

Early the next morning the villagers and residents of the surrounding country began to assemble at the Lowly dwelling. Many came through curiosity; others with the idea of buying the farm if they could get it at a bargain.

At ten o'clock the auctioneer climbed into a wagon in the yard and began vigorously ringing a bell. In a few minutes he was surrounded with people who listened attentively to a bit of oratory in which the auctioneer imparted the information that the farm was to be sold to satisfy a mortgage against it, held by Mr. Lucius Lee, the village merchant.

"The property must be sold to-day," shouted the auctioneer, "and the highest bidder gets it. You all know that if properly cultivated it would be one of the most valuable farms in this village. Not only is the land good, but it has a water-power privilege that is liable to be worth thousands of dollars for manufacturing purposes. Now how much am I offered to start the sale? How much, how much am I bid?"

"Five hundred dollars," shouted some one in the crowd.

"Five hundred dollars!" cried the auctioneer in a tone of derision; "five hundred dollars for a property like this, worth ten times as much! But I'm bound to sell it, and your bid starts it. Five hundred I'm offered—who'll make it ten? Five, five, fi' fi' five—who'll make it ten?"

"Ten!" shouted a voice.

"Now you're going, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "now we're off. Who'll give me twenty? Ten make it twenty, ten make it twenty, ten make it twenty, make it twenty! Am I offered twenty?"

"Yes," cried a man in the edge of the crowd.

"Thank you," said the auctioneer, "that's something like it. Now raise it ten! Who'll give me thirty? who'll give, who'll give, who'll give me thirty? Thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty, who'll give me thirty?"

"Thirty!" shouted the man who had started the sale with a bid of five hundred.

"That's right! thirty I have. Now do I hear forty?" cried the auctioneer, holding his arm high in the air and looking inquiringly around upon the upturned faces. There was no reply. The auctioneer asked for another bid in his most persuasive manner, but it was evident that the highest valuation of the farm in the eyes of the people had been reached, and no higher bid was forthcoming.

"Are you all done?" shouted the auctioneer. "Is it possible that I have got to let this splendid property go for nor more than half its value? Won't somebody give me thirty-five?"

"Thirty-five!" was the answer.

The bid was made in the clear tones of a woman's voice, and every one turned in the direction from which it came. Standing on the edge of the crowd, with her eyes fixed steadily upon the auctioneer, stood Hiram's wife.

"Who offered thirty-five?" asked the auctioneer, looking over the crowd. "Will you please repeat it?"

"Thirty-five!" came the bid once more, in clear, steady tones.

More amazed than all others were Elisha and his wife, who stood apart from the crowd watching the proceedings with tearful eyes.

"Was that Margaret's voice, Lisha?" asked Temperance.

"Yes, there ain't no mistake, 'twas her. I was lookin' at her when she spoke," answered the old man.

"What on earth can the child mean?" said Temperance.

"It's more'n I can make out," replied her husband.

"Thank you, madam," shouted the auctioneer, "thank you for the raise. Now, gentlemen, are you going to be outbid by a woman? Who'll say forty? Who'll say forty?"

"Forty!" shouted the man whose bid Margaret had raised.

"Forty five!" said Hiram's wife.

There was a ring of determination in the woman's voice that daunted the other bidders, and while the auctioneer exerted himself to get an offer of five thousand dollars the people fell to whispering among themselves, and the question that each put to his neighbor was: "Where'll she get the money to pay for it?"

In vain the auctioneer strove to get a higher bid, and finally, discouraged and exhausted, he cried: "Forty-five I'm offered. Is this the last bid? Forty-five once, forty-five twice, third and last call! f-o-r-t-y-five, three times, and sold to—what name, madam?"

"Mrs. Hiram Lowly," answered Margaret.

"Sold to Mrs. Hiram Lowly," continued the auctioneer, "for forty-five

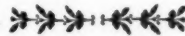
hundred dollars, and she's got a bargain, gentlemen."

The surprise of the people was complete when they saw Hiram's wife hand Mr. Lucius Lee's attorney one thousand dollars cash to secure the sale until the deed of the property could be transferred.

That evening it was a happy group that gathered around the fireplace in the old farm-house.

"I can't hardly believe it yet, my child," said Temperance. "It's more like a dream than anything else." Her furrowed face beamed with gratitude.

"It's really true, though, mother," replied Margaret; "the old home is yours yet. And I have valuable property in the West that I inherited from my parents. There is enough to keep us all in comfort the remainder of our lives. What is mine shall be yours, for Hiram's sake."



SEEKING A MISSION.

BY SARA BLAINE.

I AM so tired of all this fuss about woman," said Margaret Atherton as she came into the room where her mother was and tossed her hat on the divan.

"Who is making a fuss?" asked her mother.

"Oh! everybody. I wish we could have a change. If one goes to the library every magazine is full of the popular theme—woman, woman's influence, woman's progress, or woman in art, in politics, or in literature. We hear it from the preacher, the lawyer and the college graduate. I am tired of it."

"Why, Margaret, how can you feel so? Woman deserves all praise for having risen to her present position."

"I wish she had not risen," said Margaret. "I wish she had been content with her domestic life. She is

no happier than when in ignorance. Higher education has not added to her happiness at all."

"Now, Margaret, would you, with all your accomplishments and superior education, be willing to change places with Mattie the maid?"

"I would give all my superiority for Mattie's contented, happy spirit. She has no ambition to be anything but good and to do her work well. She says she does not want to be educated, for an education would not make her any happier than she is. She shows a remarkable amount of good sense."

"Then you have given up the thought of having a mission to fill yourself, in which your education was to help you?" said Mrs. Atherton in an amused manner.

"Being happy is woman's mission; she may then make others happy around her and help reform the world in that

way, but never with showing her superiority."

"My daughter, not long since your ambition was to help reform the world, and to this end were you educated. I verily believe you are turning heathen."

"The heathen are right about higher education not being best for the happiness of their women. I shall never send another cent to help enlighten their women and make them discontented. I shall take my name from the roll of the missionary society at once. Ignorance is good and knowledge is folly for women."

"Margaret Atherton, I am seriously alarmed at your condition of mind. I shall consult a physician at once. I am afraid you are ill."

Margaret laughed as she left the room to dress for the evening.

Mrs. Atherton, left alone, sat and pondered over Margaret's words, very much puzzled and also pleased at the change in the theories of the young lady. This same Margaret had previously entertained theories of a very different nature, which had been a great trial to Mrs. Atherton. Three years ago, to her mother's great consternation, Margaret had declared her intention to never marry.

Good Mrs. Atherton's highest ambition for her daughter had been to see her a happy wife surrounded by the blessings of a home. But Margaret had been inspired since her childhood with the thought that there was another work, and to her mind a greater one than marriage, for her in the world; a mission she had to fill, as her mother quoted to-day. Her education had been carefully pursued along lines of study to aid her mission. After all her preparation to help enlighten the world, she thought it extremely selfish in a man to ask her to devote all her life to him and spend all her energies toward making one home, when she was prepared to help so many homes by remaining unmarried.

It was a very bitter disappointment to her mother when Margaret refused to be the wife of John Jessup. Mar-

garet really liked John, she said, and it was hard to refuse him when he plead so long and earnestly and pictured to her the ideal home which they together might have, and which would radiate such sunshine and happiness that all who came under its influence would feel its warmth. But visions of her mission rose before her and she firmly rejected him.

That was three years ago, and now, at the age of twenty-three, Margaret had not yet been able to see what her mission was to be. All the time she was unconsciously filling her mission by her devotion to her widowed mother and kindness to those around her. Perhaps it is so with many of us. We see the works of others, and feel that our lives are worthless because we have not done some great thing. If only commonplace things come in our way we lose sight of their importance in our anxiety for greater things, and allow discontent to steal into our hearts.

The fact that no great work, aside from home and social duties, had presented itself to Margaret did not cause her any unhappiness, but there was a sense of incompleteness in her life that was not comforting.

In all this time she heard from John only through friends, but many were the glowing accounts they gave her of his success. Disappointment had driven him to work so hard that he was rising rapidly in his profession.

Other men admired Margaret, but she did not encourage them to advance beyond the boundaries of mere friendship, for she was not pleased with a woman drawing men on to offer her the highest tribute they can pay a woman, just to be cast aside.

Margaret wondered why she found herself so often comparing the men of her acquaintance with John, and sometimes she wondered if it could be possible that after all she had made a mistake.

One after another of her girlhood friends had married in these three years, and when she saw their happiness she was compelled to think that after all perhaps marriage and home-making

was the highest crown of womanhood. Margaret's little outburst to-day, although in a spirit of mirthfulness to tease her mother, covered more real bitter feeling than she would like to acknowledge.

Mrs. Atherton felt that such was the case, for a mother's instincts are true. As she sat waiting the return of her daughter she thought over the many odd things Margaret had said of late which had caused her to feel greatly rejoiced, for she felt that Margaret must be beginning to see where her true happiness lay.

What a strange coincidence that John was coming home at this time! Surely all would end now as she had wished it. John was expected and he would surely call soon after his arrival home. She wondered if Margaret knew of it and how she would receive him.

Here her meditations were interrupted by Margaret's appearance in a charming costume, her face shining with animation and no trace of the afternoon's storm visible in her manner.

"Well, mother, have you sent for the physician?" she asked, laughing.

"I am expecting him at any moment," said Mrs. Atherton, thinking of John.

"If that is true let us have tea at once, for I am desperately hungry and must have my appetite fully satisfied before I go into his care."

After tea had been served and the tea-things removed, they sat down to their usual evening's entertainment of music, reading and sewing.

This mother and only child had been all in all to each other so long. What a charming home picture they made in the soft lamplight, both so prettily attired and their love for each other showing in every glance. A picture that any one would admire—so John Jessup thought as he was ushered in, true to Mrs. Atherton's expectations.

Both of the ladies welcomed him with pleasure, the cordial manner of Margaret being all her mother could desire, and her evident surprise showing her ignorance of his arrival in the neighborhood. After the usual greetings and inquiries as to the present health of the family, Mrs. Atherton mischievously said she "had been alarmed about Margaret, but hoped as soon as the physician came she would improve;" and with a knowing glance at Margaret she excused herself and discreetly retired from the room, leaving Margaret in confusion as she realized the drift of her mother's remarks, and John quite mystified, for Margaret seemed the picture of health and strength. Indeed, the loveliness of her perfectly developed womanhood quite overpowered him, and when he attempted the request he had made this journey for he was at a loss for words, but not for long. As he saw her heightened color he turned to her with these words:

"Margaret, have you found your mission?"

Looking in her eyes he read his answer.



CHRISTMAS IN A CANADIAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY MARIE FRECHETTE.

I HAD always visited Canada in summer, because there existed in me the American superstition that wherever one happens to live, summer is the time to go away from home.

So it came to pass that I had played tennis and golf, camped out on islands, and had heard the "shantymen" sing their wild French songs as they shot the rapids on their rafts which they had spent the winter in making in the forests. I had worn a "shantyman's peak" for a hat and thought myself truly Canadian, when the fact was I did not know one thing about the true Canada.

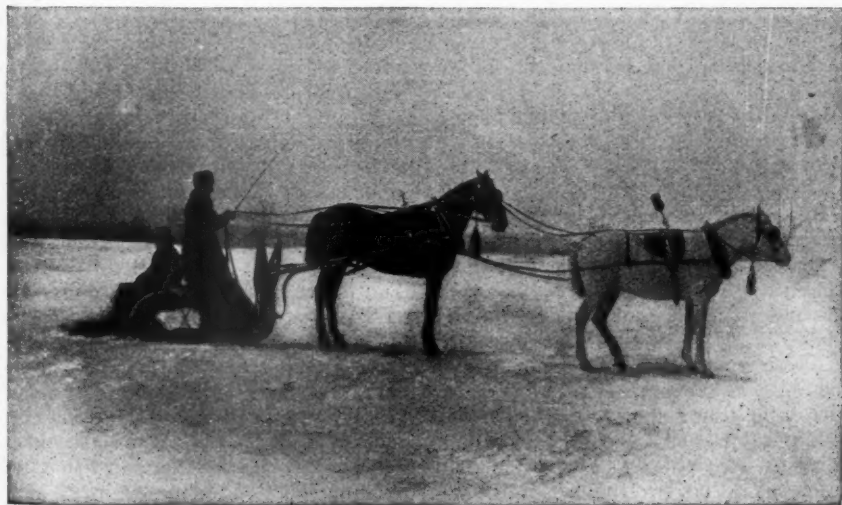
A "shantyman's peak" is a rough hat, woven in one piece and very large. The farmers' boys in the Middle States wear them as the manufacturer intended they should be worn. The lumbermen are too wild and picturesque for that. They wet the hat, remove the band and thrust a fist into the crown as far

as it will go, making a "peak." They then knot the gayest of cotton handkerchiefs about it and tilt the result upon their heads.

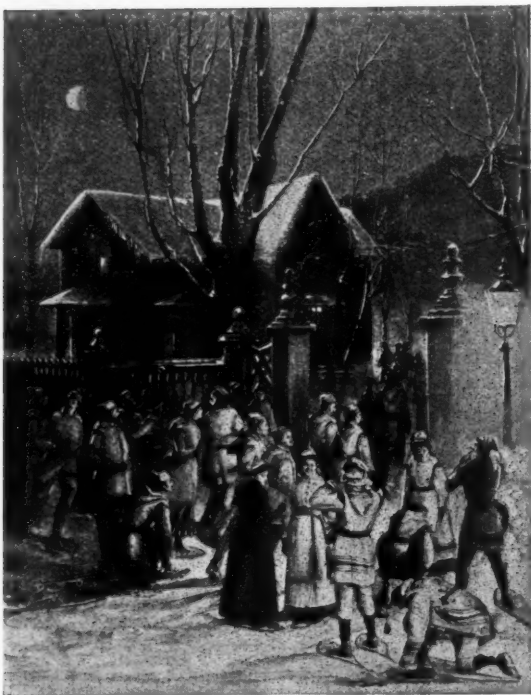
A Canadian summer is as artificial and bizarre as that hat on a woman's head. When the Canadian is himself he is wearing a toque.

My cousins used to lament my departure at the early frost and tell me of the delights to come, but I never believed them. Last year everybody went away from home and left me alone. I had no alternative but a Canadian Christmas if I was to have any home Christmas at all, and so, shivering at the prospect, I went to Ottawa.

I had telegraphed the time of my arrival, and I looked eagerly out upon the snowy waste, expecting to see the carriage and liveries I knew. Instead there was only a sort of low sledge with two horses harnessed tandem, and



CANADIAN SLEDGE.



OFF FOR A FROLIC.

a bundle of fur standing beside it. But I was grasped by the fur bundle, and my cousin Tom's voice and hands hurried me into the nest of otter and bear and seal skin he had made for me.

"I knew you would be like a hot-house peach," he said, "so just snuggle down, head and all. It's twenty-six below to-day."

But the sights were too novel for me to hide my eyes.

Everything in sight was on runners. They say they put the wheelbarrows on runners in the winter-time in Canada.

As we dashed along to the sound of the bells a handsome sleigh passed us, with sable tails that would have made a king's ransom sweeping the snow behind. An elderly gentleman sat erect behind his two fur mountains on the box. His nose was perfectly white.

"Hi, yi!" my cousin Tom yelled at

him and clapped his hand to his own nose. With a movement like lightning the dignified gentleman grasped a handful of snow, which he clapped to his nose.

"What is it?" I gasped.

"Only the ordinary courtesy of the season. His nose is frozen and he didn't know it. Never would have discovered it until he went into a warm room and his nose dropped off;" and he turned to me with solemn eyes.

The great hall that I remembered as open wide in the summer was full now of all sorts of traps. A great open fire of logs leaped and roared up the chimney, and in the inglenook beside it there was an old oak rocking "settee" holding half a dozen merry children.

Snowshoes, toboggans, dogs and people filled the place.

"You will find something of a house party," Tom said.

"You know we have ten Canadian cousins where we have one in the States, and it is our turn to have them this year. The fun started up ten days ago, and there will be no let-up until Twelfth Night."

I found myself fairly dragged from the sledge and unwrapped and rubbed and fed on hot cake and tea with rum in it before I knew where I was. My aunt, with a lace cap on her head with a bunch of violets in front, wearing still the fashion set to all loyal Canadian ladies by the Princess Louise, was as young and merry and talkative as anybody. She was born in Virginia, but for that very reason is more English than the queen herself. I had hardly caught my breath and found out who everybody was, when the doors opened to let in another party that had been out on a snowshoe tramp.

At first glance it was hard to tell the men from the women. They were all

dressed in suits made of blankets, usually scarlet, or white with colored borders. Around their waists were wrapped yards and yards of a stockinet sash ending in tassels. On their heads were the Canadian toque, the knitted cap ending in a point and tassel.

Every single one wore moccasins of soft leather tied high about the ankle. They had walked ten miles, and were hungry. I had to learn something of how the Canadians eat during the winter.

Breakfast is a movable feast, being served at any hour anybody chooses to



DRESSED FOR THE CARNIVAL.



HEADQUARTERS.

come downstairs for it. There is coffee or tea, usually tea, and toast and muffins, and a chop if you will wait for it. Or down before the fire you may find a great platter of finnan haddie floating in butter.

Everybody walks about and helps himself, and talks about what he is going to do to-day.

This was a holiday time. The earth was covered by a white playground.

Luncheon comes before breakfast is fairly over, and is much like an American luncheon.

Afternoon tea at five is much heavier than the salted almond, wafer, confection of our cities in the States. There are hot cakes, preserves, cheese, sandwiches and tea.

Dinner at seven is like our dinners, except that there is more ceremony, and always wine of two kinds in the simplest households. But the royal meal of the day comes at twelve o'clock

at night, or whenever everybody comes home from the evening's frolic. Then the dishes that we never know in this generation are brought out.

The dining-room at "Virginia Hall" was the prettiest room in the house. There were not many pictures on the walls anywhere else. There was a painting in the drawing-room, hung as a panel in the silk-covered walls, and portraits of one or two of the nine children of the house, besides a great many photographs in the "morning room," where aunt sat. The bedrooms had absolutely no adornment. They were whitewashed, had a single brass bedstead in the center of the room, and such trinkets on the dressing-tables as the girls cared to gather. There were no curtains for late sleepers, and no dust gatherers, not even carpets anywhere. The library contained a few portfolios of prints or engravings on easels.

But in the dining-room the walls were covered. There was not much art about this gallery. There were portraits of ancestors, not many, and everything else, from the gayest of little French water-colors to the breezy sketch of their snowshoe club which Tom had made the winter before.

It may not have been artistic, but it was homely. The sideboard built into

ling candle flames were reflected in the brilliant wood. On the scarfs were piles of plates, great pink rounds of spiced beef, pickled tongue, salted goose and cold pasties.

There was a chafing-dish here and there, and there were stone jugs of mulled wine before the blazing fire. This was the meal of the day, where everybody cooked and ate what he



JEAN, THE TRAPPER.

the room took up one end, and the long buffets ran along the sides. In the center of the room was the solid mahogany table, polished, immovable.

At night when the crowd came trooping in it was a beautiful sight. Instead of being covered by a cloth, linen scarfs were laid along its shining surface at intervals. Between these stood high twisted silver candelabra, whose twink-

liked, and helped himself, for the servants were in bed hours ago.

To an American from the States it seems like a continual feast, but the cold is so intense that it uses up a great deal of bodily fuel.

The next morning after my arrival I was put into a blanket suit and a pair of moccasins and taken out to learn to walk on snowshoes.



TOBOGGANING.

My cousin Tom, who was my teacher, slipped his feet into the straps across his as he left the door, but we were well out of sight of the house before he put mine on the snow and let me step on to them. The snow was five feet on a level, and there was a fine crust upon which Tom had been walking, while I ran only in the path beside him, feeling very strange and odd in the soft moccasins.

"Now don't try to lift your feet, but drag them," Tom said.

Now who could understand that? How I thanked him for bringing me out of sight of the house! I gave one convulsive movement and went floundering in the snow, but he picked me up and I started again, and at the end of an hour was proudly making my way over the crust.

That afternoon I had my revenge. I was taken out on the pond to learn to skate.

"You must learn," they all said, "because our greatest frolic is the

fancy-dress carnival that is to be given by our snowshoe club in the rink, and you mustn't be left out of that."

I meekly followed after, and let them buckle on my skates and lift me to my feet and support me tenderly. Then I gave them each a push, Tom and his chum, and floated away over the ice. I *had* learned to skate!

That night we walked to the snowshoe club house, five miles away, and danced all night. The party walked back home, but I being an American girl with human muscles was taken home in the sledge.

The next morning we drove to the toboggan slide.

Everybody nowadays knows the thin board turned up at the edge which can flash down over the sloping crust.

Tom packed me on in front, and then with a "Houp-la!" pushed the toboggan over the crest of the slide, threw himself on, and we shot downward.

I thought my breath was gone, and I had hardly time to realize it, when we reached the bottom, and I thought it was all over, when with a jerk the thin toboggan shot into the air like a live thing and we went with a new momentum flying over the field. An upright board had been planted to catch us at the bottom and send us onward.

That night was Christmas eve. Dinner was a perfect scramble, and it was hardly over when we all trooped into the hall, and putting out the candles sat about the fire ready for the games.

The great doors were thrown open and the young men of the house came in, dragging by evergreen-wrapped ropes the great Yule log, singing at the tops of their voices a refrain which we all took up.

"Come, bring with a noise,

My merry, merry boys,

The Christmas log to the firing."

My aunt picked up my youngest cousin, born during the year, seated him astride the log, for luck, and he rode crowing to the hearth.

Behind came the merry spirit of the

year, my cousin Tom in motley as the Lord of Misrule. Then for three hours everything was topsy-turvy.

All sorts of games were played. The Lord of Misrule brought in a great, shallow silver dish, from which a blue flame arose. In the weird light we all joined hands about him and sang:

"Here he comes with flaming bowl!
Doesn't he mean to take his toll?
Snip, snap, dragon!"

They sang the sweet old carol to the end, while the bells from the little chapel at the park gate and the distant Ottawa churches rang out the season's gladness.

Then the doors opened again and a personage in a white robe and a mask and wig stepped in. It was the "Knight Rupert" of the old legends. He stalked across the floor while the children looked on in awe and opened



OVER THE SMOOTH SURFACE WE GLIDE.

Aunt, uncle and all—we were all children together—tried to pick the raisins out of the dish without burning our fingers. We kept the fun going until midnight, and then a sudden hush fell upon us at the first notes from the "waits" outside:

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

wide the library doors. Inside stood the lighted tree, laden with its gifts.

Early morning found us trooping to bed, candles in hand, but there was little rest for us.

At breakfast the old friends of the family, the farmers, the trappers, came in with offerings of poultry and game, and with their cries of "Christmas Gift!" Old Jean, who declared that he was a hundred and fifty years old,



THE CARNIVAL AT ITS HEIGHT.

and who looked it, was brought in to tell stories. But as Rudyard Kipling says, "That is another story." He declared that he had been a hunter and trapper for the Hudson Bay Company and had carried pelts on toboggans around Niagara Falls before the beginning of the century. And we listened and believed every word, loading the old man with gifts. In return he gave me, as the stranger, a little crucifix which he said Father Hennepin had given him. It was roughly made of copper and was worn smooth by his kisses.

We all went to church in the little chapel we had helped to decorate that morning and came home to the great Christmas dinner, where all the old customs were brought forth.

The Lord of Misrule appeared at the beginning of the dinner bearing aloft the platter containing the boar's head. It was ridiculous to see Tom in motley, but no one could fail to be impressed by a custom which is so old, so hallowed by associations. It was like a service.

The boar's head was decorated with holly branches and apples. My uncle carved it solemnly and gave us each a bit.

Then the "Christmas pye" was brought in in the same way. They had prepared me for this by telling me that it was a remnant of the time when the knights took their vows at Christmas, and that from this custom came the oath we know in the mouths of Shakespeare's men: "By cock and pye."

The "pye" was a huge affair made of ornamental pastry. It was supposed to be a single roasted peacock, and the head of the bird with a gilded bill rose proudly from one edge of the crust and the spreading tail of the bird of Argus swept royally down from the other.

I held my breath. I meant to join in everything, but that "pye" looked a little too much like a sample of the

taxidermist's art to be appetizing. I looked at my plate, where a bit of the boar's ear lay, and shuddered.

My uncle plunged in his carver and out flew a half-dozen little birds that circled about, alighting on the wreaths above the pictures. It was the old story of four-and-twenty blackbirds.

That evening we dressed in our fancy costumes for the skating carnival. There were eight girls to go and nine young men, and we taxed the resources of the house for our costumes. I went as a Dutch maiden, as that was the warmest dress I could think of.

When we girls as snow fairies and shepherdesses, and every other character we could find clothes for, came trooping downstairs into the big hall, we found the children waiting to see us start and the great sleigh with six horses standing at the door.

Tom wore his suit of motley, and his chum wore three pairs of trousers, picturesquely wrinkled, as a wandering musician, while he pensively thrummed a guitar.

The ice of the rink was covered with gay figures, and we buckled on our skates and flew out over the dark surface to the sound of the Ottawa band. The Union Jack and the Canadian banners swung from the roof, and garlands of evergreen made a bower of the sides.

After the crowd had thinned some of us went into the ball-room and danced until it was long past Christmas Day. It would be a long story to tell of the sleighing through the winter forests, the dances and dinners, and the pranks of the Lord of Misrule and his merry crew for the rest of that week.

On Twelfth Night there was another frolic, and just at midnight the Lord of Misrule tore down the first wreath of holly and threw it crackling on the Yule log. The holiday was all over until another year rolled around.



PUSSY'S TEMPTATION.
From the painting by A. Rotta.

MISS MARTINA'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

COME in," said Martina Holbrook in answer to a timid knock.

"Morning, ma'am," and a pale, thin-faced girl entered, looking curiously about her.

Miss Martina was surprised, not to say startled. She had expected to see a neighbor, or at least somebody she knew, but this bleached-out though rather sweet face she had never seen before.

"Who are you?" asked the woman, pausing in her work, "and what do you want?"

"Please'm, I'm Martina Holbrook, and I've come to see you."

This announcement seemed to take all the strength out of the woman's frame. She sank into a chair and the broom fell out of her hand.

"Martina!" she murmured, "Martina Holbrook!"

"Yes, ma'am, and you're my aunt, if you please. Father said so."

"Where'd you come from?" asked Martina the elder as soon as she had regained her composure.

"I walked all the way from the city, and I'm awful tired," was the answer. "Mother died last month, and there's four of us. I'm the oldest, and father can't get no work to do because the times is so bad, so he sent me out here. I've been walking ever since five o'clock."

And it was now ten—the little time-piece on the shelf was just striking.

"I never should have thought your father would do such a thing," said Miss Martina sharply.

"He didn't want to," said the girl candidly, "'cause he said you'd forbid him ever to write or speak to you again. But there wasn't bread enough to go round."

A sigh ended the speech, and the gray eyes glittered with moisture.

"Haven't you had any breakfast?"

asked Martina the elder, moved at the sight of the tears.

"No'm," the girl answered humbly.

"I haven't had anything to eat to-day."

"The Lord's sake!" ejaculated Miss Martina, picking up her broom; "lay off your hat and sit down. I'll get you something to eat."

The girl, whose tired feet ached so that she could scarcely stand, had only been awaiting this permission. She sank into a deep-seated rocking-chair and took off her hat, disclosing a well-shaped head and a profusion of shining brown hair neatly braided.

Presently her aunt called her to the kitchen, where a table was set with hot coffee, brown bread and white, a pat of butter and the remnants of a fried chicken which Martina the elder had saved for her own frugal dinner. The girl sat down in a timid kind of way and her aunt filled her plate, still too much in a maze to realize what had happened. Then she scanned her newly found relative from head to foot. The girl's face was pretty though very pale. She was dressed in a dark blue calico frock that had seen much washing and mending. A bit of black ribbon encircled her throat, her hands were daintily nice, and it was evident that her new niece had donned all her poor little best.

"Have some more chicken?" asked Miss Martina, rather pleased with the sweet, pale face.

"I thought it was chicken," said Mattie, which was the name she went by at home.

"Why, child, don't you know chicken?" asked her aunt.

"Yes, ma'am, I think I do," said the girl, to whom the odor of savory scraps sold now and then from restaurant kitchens was not unfamiliar, "but I don't believe I ever had a real piece of chicken all by itself before. Father

could hardly get us bread; we never thought of chicken—only the taste of it in scraps sometimes. Father's cried many a time 'cause we children had to go to bed hungry. We was always poor and mother was sickly, but sometimes we all got something to do. It's hard to be so poor, particularly on father, 'cause he didn't drink and was always good to us. It's a real pretty place here," she sighed rather than said as she left the table, her hunger, for the first time for many days, completely satisfied. "Can't I do something? I can sweep, and dust, and sew a little, and I can make patchwork if you've got any to do. But then everything seems done here," she naively added.

"Yes, child, everything is done. I want to talk to you. You said there were four of you," Miss Martina said.

"Yes, there's Daniel—he was named after grandpa, father says—he's eleven; May comes next to me and Tony is the baby."

"Oh, a baby!" and Miss Martina caught her breath.

"Yes, though he's six years old and so cunning. He's got such pretty hair and such sweet blue eyes. He looks like father—only father is so tired out and so old!"

"Old at thirty-five!" thought Miss Martina. "Time must have used him hardly."

Mattie had been looking out of the window. All at once she sprang to her feet.

"Oh, what big, queer-looking things," she exclaimed.

"What! those? Why, they're turkeys, child! I've got twenty-nine. They're 'most all sold."

"Live turkeys!" the girl said with bated breath. "I never saw one before."

In the morning when Miss Martina came down she found the fire made and the hearth swept up. Mattie met her with a smile.

"I didn't like to set the table till you came down," she said, "and I never made coffee. Father always did that—when we had any."

Miss Martina turned away. The girl's voice was pathetic.

"It was very good of you to make the fire," she said. "I never had anybody to do that before, except—except your father, when he was a little boy."

"Father was always handy—he helped mother," was the quick rejoinder. "Now shall I set the table? Will you tell me where to find things?"

"There's nothing to do but to put on a table-cloth, child, and a cup and—oh, yes, two cups and plates this morning. It seems so strange to have company for breakfast."

"I don't want to be company—not exactly. I want to do for you and feel that I belong to you a little."

Poor Miss Martina! Her lip trembled. She had been thinking all night—thinking that maybe she might have been wrong in shutting her brother out of her heart because he had not married to please her; had not chosen the vocation she had mapped out for him; had, in fact, been so self-willed and disobedient that she had repudiated him. This young girl, Mattie, had her brother's eyes, his sweet smile, and she felt her heart going out to her every moment more and more.

"Didn't you hate to leave your father?" she asked presently.

"Yes, I did. I was just that moment wondering what they had for breakfast, or if they had any. But I was one too many, you see, and May is a handy little housekeeper—much handier than me. I don't really love it—I keep wishing I could go to some school and learn something—and if I could only sing and paint and draw, oh, my!" and she sighed in a sort of ecstasy. "But then poor folks like us must be content without things," she added soberly.

Miss Martina's heart smote her.

"Do you keep Christmas?" the girl asked of her aunt later on.

"Never!" was the somewhat bitterly spoken answer. "I never keep Christmas!"

"What! And all those turkeys?"

"Those are for other people's Christmases," said Miss Martina. "Those

turkeys will be worth fifty dollars to me. Who have I got to keep Christmas for? And if you are so poor, what do you know about Christmas?"

Mattie drew a long breath.

"Sometimes we children tried to keep it with a bit of tree," she said, "and we made little presents, funny little things for each other out of what we had; but I don't remember when we had turkey," and then came another long-drawn breath.

Miss Martina looked at her from over her spectacle-tops. She had given her an old table-cloth to mend in lieu of any other sewing. What long lashes the child had and nice womanly little hands! How carefully she had washed the dishes that morning, and picked up stray threads and pieces from the carpet! It seemed as if her watchful eyes saw everything. And then she was so like her brother, the motherless boy Miss Martina had been like a mother to before his marriage.

Christmas! The word kept ringing in her ears. "Do you keep Christmas?" They would have no Christmas in that poor home; and there were twenty-nine turkeys out in the yard strutting and screaming in blissful ignorance of what was to befall them. Suppose she kept one just for Mattie's sake? Suppose she had a Christmas in a small way? But then it might set the child thinking of the bare table at home and the hungry children. Suppose she had them all there—John and the children? Visions of a well-browned turkey, cranberry sauce and plum pudding, such as had made Christmas such a jolly day in the olden times, when her parents were living, danced before her vision.

"Why shouldn't I?" she said to herself. "The house is large enough—I declare I believe I will; and I won't tell the child. It will be better than a Christmas present."

She sat down to her desk and wrote:

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: Your daughter Martina is here, and a very nice, handy girl I find her. I write to say that I am willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and I want you and the children to come and spend Christmas with us. Inclosed you

will find a check for twenty-five dollars. I hope that will be sufficient to cover all expenses. I want it to be a surprise for Martina.

The day before Christmas was a very busy one. The turkeys had been disposed of, and Mattie did not know that the largest of the flock had been kept and lay hidden in the pantry, nor that upon every occasion possible Aunt Martina brought in the accessories for the dinner and set them stealthily aside.

Christmas morning came clear and beautiful. It had snowed the day before and the maple trees showed crystal outlines in every bough and branch. The hedges were glittering with frost, and the sun shining over all made leaf and stick and stem radiant as with millions of diamonds.

Mattie came down as usual, to find a ruddy blaze on the hearth. Her aunt had already kindled the fire.

"I expect you'll wish you were with your folks to-day," said Miss Martina at breakfast.

"I should like to see them, and I do hope father found some work, so as to have a little Christmas," said the girl longingly. She had been thinking of them all the morning, and was just ready to cry, but bravely kept back the tears.

"I wonder who that can be?" Miss Martina exclaimed, as later there came a resounding knock at the front door. "Mattie, you run and see," and wiping her hands she quietly followed the girl.

The door was opened, and oh! what a cry of rapture went up as Mattie flew to her father, her arms about his neck, and all the children clung laughing to her garments.

"I can't believe my eyes! Aunt Martina, did you expect them? Why, of course you did! Oh, how good of you! How lovely!"

That was a welcome! The small parlor was full of happy faces. Miss Martina took her brother by the two hands, and standing on tip-toe, for she was a little woman, kissed him twice.

There was but scant time to make acquaintance before, to Mattie's as-

tonishment, the great turkey was brought out and placed in the oven.

And such a dinner as it was! John and the children did full justice to all the delicacies, and Mattie hovered round, not yet quite sure whether or not she was in some blessed dream, from which she would soon waken to face the old troubles again.

She never did. Miss Martina found

room and to spare. The sight of young faces freshened her withered heart. John took the care of the farm in his willing hands, thankful enough for the chance. Mattie realized the dearest wishes of her heart when sent to one of the best schools in the county, and Miss Martina blesses the day when her brother's child took courage to throw herself on her protection.



MRS. CHRISTOPHER'S SPINE.

BY CLARA MILLS.

THE heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not in its joy;" and yet here we are—strangers—peering into the secrets of Mrs. Christopher's inner life.

From the time I first met her I was irresistibly drawn to her by the power of curiosity.

Living among uncultivated, uneducated people, she appeared cultivated, educated; opinionated yet never offensively so; self-reliant almost to brusqueness; self-satisfied almost to conceit; complacent almost to aggravation; even-tempered to exasperation.

A large, well-developed woman, probably fifty years old; a head, large in proportion, crowned with a suit of heavy black hair, into which threads of silver were just beginning to creep. Withal it was a shapely head, with the hair coiled into a large, full knot at the back, and drawn wavily on each side from a broad, high forehead, fastening to the back with a "tuck" comb, from which fell two stiff but perfectly natural short curls, like two animated little horns.

She had jet-black eyes, which looked as though the fire had burned out, but which occasionally lighted up—especially when they chanced to spy a little child.

Hands which showed her life had been a working one; feet which never seemed to leave the floor.

She always dressed in mourning for the late Mr. Christopher; and but for the assurance of her friends and the tell-tale "band of slavery," I should have wagered that she was one of the "unappropriated blessings." But no, she had been the mother of eight hearty children and the grandmother of double that number.

But the peculiarity of this peculiar woman was that she had not a bend from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. Never in all my acquaintance could I detect a joint. Now we often have similes for straightness, erectness; but never again can anything convey such an idea to my mind as "Mrs. Christopher's spine."

We hear of "the head bowed in sorrow." But with Mrs. Christopher this could only be in a figurative sense. Mrs. Christopher's spine could be inclined forward in sorrow, but never a suspicion of a "bow" from the head downward.

I have seen her in all the familiar movements of a workaday life in the country. In the morning she arose, slowly and systematically clothed her spine and adorned her person; first having removed the bedclothes from the almost unmussed couch upon which her spine had rested during the night.

After completing her toilet she assumed the position of a right angle and applied the bedclothes again to the

couch. With great care and precision she "tidied the room;" then bent her knees in prayer—for she was a thoroughly straight-up-and-down Christian woman—and the day had commenced.

With measured tread she moved to the breakfast-table and took her perpendicular place with a pleasant "good-morning." For a cheerful woman she was, having a kindly word for all in spite of this spine of steel.

Dish-washing came next in the order of the day, and I see her now, in my mind's eye, sitting close to the kitchen table, straight and severe as to spine, and only the hand and forearm in motion.

Then to the wash-tub, where the angle of ninety degrees was again assumed, only to variate with the perpendicular.

Then dinner and a rest. A "rest" meant change of work and scene, for a trifle of sewing by hand or machine in a most upright manner occupied Mrs. Christopher until tea-time. If any one happened to be present, conversation supplied the lubricating oil without which all of her joints would have ossified, I think. If no one was near, the occasional smile about the unnatural mouth—unnatural by a dentist's care and skill—and lifting of the heavy eyebrows, which seemed to elevate the

whole top of the head, making the stiff little curls bob in a trifling sort of way wholly incongruous to the solemn situation, proved to any doubting mind that the brain which crowned the iron spine was in pleasing running order.

I often asked Mrs. Christopher to walk with me after tea, when, wandering over the country roads and by the shores of the lake with my troop of little ones around us, I found her to be learned, entertaining, amusing, cultivated and agreeable; but always her own stiff self.

Her life, from the outside, was certainly a peculiar one. The gamut of her feelings would not run more than an octave, I should imagine. She had feelings, for I had seen them exhibited; but they seemed chilled by their proximity to the frozen spine.

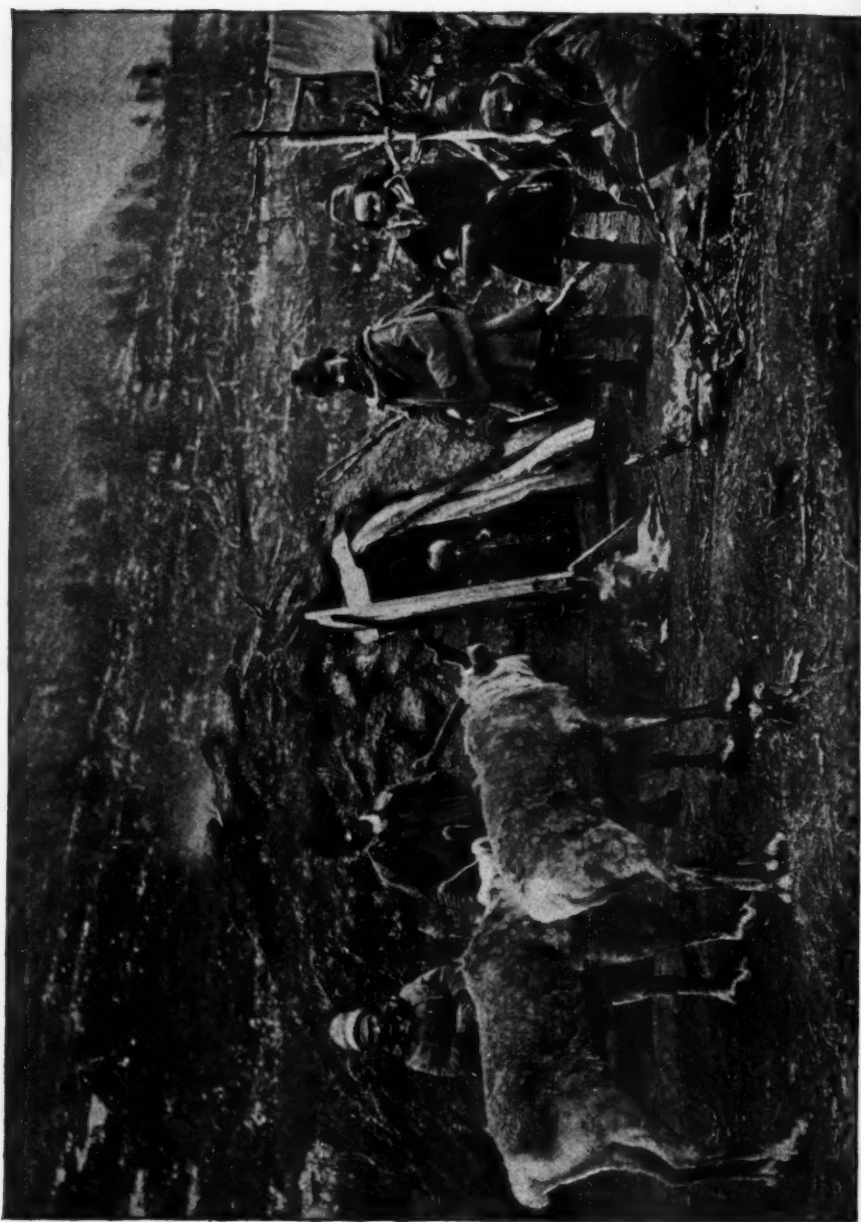
Her "good-by," after weeks of intercourse, was as calm, careful and deliberate as though she were on the witness stand.

"I am going away on the boat to-day; good-afternoon!" was all she said, and was gone. I watched her move down the walk. She stepped on the steamer, and turning her spine with military precision she faced us, and with a kindly smile and a wave motion of the hand and forearm she slowly passed from sight.

AT ALLOWAY.

BY DR. BENJ. F. LEGGETT.

FOOT-SORE and weary by thy roofless walls,
 While folded shadows sweet with meadow bloom
 Wave airy hands across each lichen'd tomb,
 What peaceful rest upon the pilgrim falls;
 From shady haunts the tender mavis calls,
 Far off the hills in summer beauty loom,
 And near the daisies print the turf with bloom,
 While every scene the eager sense inthralls;—
 A mellow song breathes through the tasseled pine;
 The open windows seem again to glow,
 With grewsome lights the hollow walls to shine,
 While airy shadows waver to and fro:—
 Is this a dream amid the drowsy noon?
 Or whence those hoof-beats from the Brig o' Doon?



LIFE IN LAPLAND.

A CHRISTMAS PRODIGAL.

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

ELIZA HITCHCOCK sat at the window of her apartment in the Old Ladies' Home, turning the leaves of her prayer-book to the service for Christmas Day. When she had found it she laid the book-mark in place and closed the volume, the black leather covers of which were mildewed with age. She laid her gold-bowed spectacles beside the book on the window-sill. For the past twenty-five years of her crippled existence she had thus marked the service for the following day. In the field opposite the Home the sunset was reflected in the pools of water gleaming like gold between the waving of the withered marsh-grass. The wind blowing the snow into drifts had left the earth brown and bare with here and there patches of white. In the gnarled branches of the apple-tree in front of the window twittered a group of sparrows.

When evening came Eliza Hitchcock felt that she had come into her own again and that the weary day had fled from her. In those hours of twilight she relived her youth. To-night, as if in prophecy of the morrow as once the golden promise of the birth of Christ had shone upon mankind, the gray, sullen sky acquired the tints of a glorious sunset.

Upon the little old lady whose outside world was limited to the four sides of a window the light fell tenderly. It cast a mellow gleam upon the black silk dress worn shiny. The jewels of the brooch fastening the yellow lace on her bosom and those of the massively set rings on her wrinkled hands sparkled sinisterly, as if their hard, unfading beauty had prophesied the mortality of the loveliness of the flesh. The colorless face, with gray curls dangling from beneath the white cap, retained in its

high features and deep-set eyes something of the fire and intensity of youth.

The glow slipped further into the room and touched the carved lion's head on the arm of a chair; glinted on the oval frame of a portrait and lighted the patient eyes staring from the faded canvas; it outlined the fringe of a rug, the wax wreath under a glass globe in the corner.

A rap upon the door was followed by the entrance of Miss Fenwick, an inmate of the Home.

"Come right up to the window," said her hostess. "Seems to me it's going to snow. I've had a twinge of rheumatism in my left hand."

"It's to be hoped so," answered the other, seating herself in the rocking-chair. "'Green Christmas, many graves,'" nodding. She continued her knitting. "I'm hurrying to get these done for Mrs. Jones' Christmas."

She was a tall woman with a deprecatory bending of the shoulders. She had a long face with a retreating chin. Her blue eyes and faded brown hair, the pink color in her wrinkled face, were pathetic reminders of the prettiness of a lost girlhood, as a vase of time-defaced china might retain the bright tints of its decorations.

"There's Miss Shepard," said Eliza Hitchcock as a girl came across the frozen lawn from the west wing of the building. She approached the window smilingly—a slender figure in furs, her blue-eyed face glowing like a rose under the large dark hat.

"No, don't raise the window," she called. She slipped the empty basket she held up on her arm and put her gloved hands under the collar of her coat. "It's awfully cold!" she cried. "I left my muff at home and I'm almost frozen. I know I've been waiting over an hour for that old car. There

it comes now. Good-by! Merry Christmas! Don't dare be ill for my party to-morrow. Good-by!"

"Sometimes," said Miss Fenwick, "I think if I'd married the general I might've had a daughter like that. Often I think if I'd had a little girl I should've liked to have made her some pretty clothes. Sometimes it seems to me I've had a little daughter and she'd died. I've thought of her so much!" the weak mouth trembling.

"Humph!" said Eliza Hitchcock; "like as not you'd had your hands full with her. I was afraid she wouldn't catch it," waving her handkerchief to Miss Shepard, who had boarded the trolley-car which ran to the Home from the city at intervals of half an hour. The girl nodded brightly and waved her basket. The old lady leaned back comfortably in her chair.

"Push that cushion a little further under my feet, Fanny," she said. "Didn't I tell you 'way last spring that I knew something was troubling her? Well, I found out to-day." The very ribbons of Eliza Hitchcock's cap were quivering with importance. "No one knows," she continued, "whether she really was engaged or not to that young man—don't you know he was the one who called with her on me one Sunday morning, when they should've been at church—but they do say they've had a quarrel or something."

"Oh," cried Miss Fenwick, dropping her knitting, her face touched by gentle regret, "oh, dear! I wish they could make it up, she's so nice. If he could only be here to dinner to-morrow with her they might, on account of it's being Christmas."

"The very thing!" cried her hostess. "I declare, Fanny, if I don't think you're half-witted at times, and then again you're smart as a Yankee. Dear, dear, my knees are that lame I can scarcely get up. Hand me my cane."

She crossed the room painfully and opened the upper drawer of the old-fashioned marble-topped bureau. When she rose it could be seen that she was very short, scarcely over four feet in height. She settled herself again in

her chair with sundry groans and complainings.

"This is his card," she said. "It came with some flowers they once sent me together. Here's the name of his club, so you see we've got his address. Dear, dear, to think you'd the brains to think of it, Fanny Fenwick. But, then, you're nothing without my energy."

The last ray of the sunset lingered long upon the two lonely old women, their heads bent over the bit of paste-board. Even the purple approach of twilight touched less tenderly the tired world than did the spirit of love and romance reflect itself upon the wrinkled faces from the white surface of a young man's card.

Meanwhile Miss Shepard, curled up in one corner of the empty car, with hands thrust in the front of her coat for warmth, bore a chastened and resigned expression upon her pretty face. A year ago this Christmas eve *they* had gone to a little dance together. This year she was engaged in making a favored few of the old ladies at the Home happy. After all, she had chosen the broader and nobler life in thinking of others rather than of her own happiness. But she didn't believe she was going to live very long. Perhaps it was just as well. She would be very good and shame Dick, and when she was dead he—"Fare, ma'am." But the eyes, starry with tears, raised to the conductor's face as Miss Shepard handed him a ticket, saw, instead of the burly blue-coated figure, a young man with pleasant brown eyes, whose vision-recalled face danced between her and the frost-dimmed window opposite with every lurch of the car.

Christmas Day was ushered in gloriously by a heavy fall of snow, which left the world dazzlingly white; the sky was deeply, serenely blue, the sunshine golden.

Mr. Richard Arnold entered Eliza Hitchcock's room glowing from his brisk walk to the Home, and imparting a whiff of the frosty air mingled with the fragrance of his violet *boutonnière* to the assembled company. It seemed

to him, standing on the threshold, that he saw nothing but old ladies on all sides. After one bewildered second he recognized Eliza Hitchcock and crossed the room to shake hands with her.

"Here are a few Christmas roses," he said. "It is very kind of you to give me the pleasure of dining here to-day."

By this time he realized there were five and not fifty old women in the room. But there was something missing. His roving glance into the adjoining room rested upon a sealskin coat thrown over the foot of the bed and a pale blue silk scarf. On the floor were a pair of rubber overshoes. Those overshoes appealed to his heart. How many times in the happy past, on returning home from some entertainment, she had kicked them off in that careless way and he had straightened them and carried them into the hall.

Eliza Hitchcock was introducing him with a proprietary air of importance. But he felt impatient to go and straighten those little overshoes. At last he found himself between the Misses Tompkins, who, seated primly on mahogany-backed horse-hair chairs, conversed over his head. The chair in which he sat permitted them to do so. It had been cut down to accommodate a crippled old lady. It seemed to him that his knees were on a level with his chin. When he addressed either of the Misses Tompkins he had to put his head on one side and glance up out of the corner of his eye. He felt that he must appear very coquettish.

Eliza Hitchcock was lifting her roses from their box. "They're all very nice," she said, in an aside to Miss Fenwick, "but I'd liked it better if he'd brought me some postage stamps or a box of sardines." She leaned forward and gave five roses to Mr. Arnold. "Here, put one on each of us," she said. "Hand me my work-basket so I can give you some pins. No, no, over there on the table. Yes, that's it."

"Let's see where it'll look best on you," laughed the young man. He

fastened a pink rose among the lavender bows of her cap. He gave a rose next to Madame Ferrand, an old Frenchwoman who for thirty years had not set foot to the ground, but had been lifted to and fro from her bed to her chair. She was unable to speak English. All the life of her frail body—a mere child in size—seemed concentrated in her dark, bright eyes, which missed no expression of the faces around her. Old age obliterating all sense of social distinction in her mind, had left her with the helplessness, the artlessness of a child. She invariably wore a spray of mignonette which she raised in her room.

The Misses Tompkins drew away from Mr. Arnold.

"We prefer to put them on ourselves," they said. Each passed the stem of a rose primly through the fourth buttonhole of her dress.

Eliza Hitchcock nudged Miss Fenwick with her elbow.

"One might know they'd been school-ma'ams," she said in a distinct whisper.

The Misses Tompkins, who possessed the same sharp features, tight knobs of gray hair and angular, thin figures, colored painfully.

"I once knew a gentleman of your name, Mr. Arnold," said Miss Fenwick. "It was before the war. Afterward he became a general in the Southern army."

"I knew him, too," laughed the young man. "He's my father. Yes, he went back to the old place down in Maryland. No, there aren't any girls—only boys. Five of them. There, pink's your color."

"I did not know he was married," said Miss Fenwick. Her faded eyes saw shining through the mist of years a spring twilight in Maryland; a girl seated on horseback at a turn of the forest road; the colored boys driving the cows. Her companion had dismounted to gather some wild roses. He had looked at her with just such brown eyes as this boy and said, "Pink's your color." She put the rose to her lips to hide their trembling.

Miss Shepard had been very busy in the little room she had persuaded the matron to let her have rather than a corner of the general dining-room. She sent the servant to Miss Hitchcock's room to announce dinner, and also to wheel Madame Ferrand's chair.

"It does look pretty," said Miss Shepard. She broke off a bit of the celery and ate it reflectively. She had painted souvenir cards which bore the names of the guests. One card, however, was not written upon. Eliza Hitchcock had requested her to have an extra place set.

"Queer that she should have invited any one without speaking to me. I wonder who it can be," she added, turning at the approach of her guests. The smile on her face changed to an expression of horror.

Advancing slowly down the long hall, heading the little procession, were an old lady and a young man. The former, leaning on her escort's arm and her cane, chatting and laughing, was Eliza Hitchcock; but the young man, bending his handsome head over the white cap with the pink rose nodding gayly among the lavender bows, was—

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Shepard, "I—I think I am going to faint away."

"I've brought you a Christmas present, my dear," said Eliza Hitchcock, poking wickedly behind her with her cane at Miss Fenwick.

Mr. Arnold smiled feebly at Miss Shepard. "Er—ah—Merry Christmas," he said.

"Merry Christmas," she responded, with a glance of reproach which seemed to accuse him of having taken advantage of her. "Miss Hitchcock," she continued, "I have put you at the head of the table; on the other side, Miss Fenwick. Wheel Madame Ferrand to her place, Jane. Misses Tompkins, here, please." Mr. Arnold was left standing in the doorway a miserable moment or two. "Oh," said Miss Shepard, turning toward him, "I had forgotten you. I set a place for Miss Hitchcock's guest at the foot of the table."

"Thank you," he said humbly, taking the vacant chair.

Eliza Hitchcock pronounced grace. "Inasmuch as it has pleased thee, O Lord," she said loudly and importantly, "to draw us together this Christmas Day and to bestow upon us the abundance of thy heavenly grace, we do return thanks that assisted by thy comfort here we may ever strive more earnestly after everlasting happiness. Amen."

The dinner progressed merrily. Miss Shepard, assisted by the servant, waited upon the table. The sunlight streamed into the room through the window back of Eliza Hitchcock, whose spirits rose hilariously. Even Miss Fenwick's long face brightened. Mr. Arnold watched Miss Shepard covertly. He noticed that she contrived that the servant should wait upon him. He began to wish he were an old lady. Once—happy moment!—the servant left the room.

"I should like some more turkey," said Mr. Arnold.

As Miss Shepard took his plate there flashed through his mind memories of little *apropos* speeches he had read of young men making under similar conditions, such as, "Polly, pour my tea forever." He might say, "Edith, help me to turkey forever." But his opportunity had passed. Miss Shepard had left his plate beside him and had reappeared at the further end of the table. Mr. Arnold felt as if every mouthful of food were choking him.

"I remember the elegant dinners my mother used to give," said Eliza Hitchcock, "real old family dinners. We girls always made the candy for the holidays. It was good, home-made candy, not like the new-fangled stuff young people get nowadays."

"I used to know a girl who liked candy," said Mr. Arnold. "I was so fond of that girl that I can never hear the word 'Huyler's' nor see ice cream without feeling blue."

He addressed Eliza Hitchcock, but was watching Miss Shepard out of the corner of his eye. He was not certain whether the sudden color on her face

was the reflection of the dish of ruby-like jelly she was serving or not. He hoped not.

After the heavier portion of the dinner and the dessert had been followed by the nuts and raisins, Miss Shepard dismissed the servant.

"You might as well go now, Jane, if you are going out this afternoon. I'll pour the tea. Now," she continued, turning with a little laugh to her guests, "you know you all promised to tell a Christmas story, something that had really happened to you." After pouring the tea, she drew up a chair and sat down between Eliza Hitchcock and the eldest Miss Tompkins. "Pass me the dish, please," she said, "and I'll be cracking some nuts."

The old ladies each told a Christmas story with the exception of Madame Ferrand, who had fallen asleep in her chair. Then they insisted it was Mr. Arnold's turn to relate a story. The young man laughed.

"I'm sure I don't know anything very interesting—not nearly so interesting as what I've just heard. But I should like to tell you something and then ask your advice. I have no mother to go to," he said. "I'm an orphan. And only a woman's opinion upon this subject would satisfy me." He paused a moment, stirring his tea thoughtfully. He looked up with a little laugh in which there was a trace of embarrassment, his handsome face flushing slightly.

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was a young man. I cannot say that any one but himself considered him exceptional. He was very selfish—a trait, I am told, not uncommon to young men. He also considered himself armor-proof to Cupid—another instance of his being very like the average youth. Well, he met a girl. He had known a good many sweet and pretty girls, but she was different. She was much sweeter and prettier than all those other girls put together. However, this young man did not regard his future career in his profession as a subject to be lightly esteemed either by the world or himself, and as

he was not blessed with an abundance of money he not unnaturally had no thought of marriage for a good many years. But he found himself caring for this girl quite in spite of himself. He couldn't put her out of his thoughts for a moment. So he determined to see all he could of her in—well, a friendly fashion. You observe he was not without his notion of honor. He intended to let her understand as delicately as possible that he was interested in her only in a Platonic fashion. This plan worked nicely for several months. But, as I said before, he wasn't an exceptional young man, and a year ago this Christmas eve they were at a little dance together. Well, they had gone off alone into the conservatory and he was fanning her. She looked so beautiful—she had on a sort of pink dress with lace and fluffy things—that he quite forgot and——"

"Will any one have some more tea?" interrupted Miss Shepard; "no one?"

"He sat up until morning that night smoking and thinking. You see, he felt ashamed of himself. He couldn't help but think she must care for him. He knew she wasn't the kind of a girl who if she didn't care for a man would let him——" pausing.

"Let him what?" asked Eliza Hitchcock.

"Nothing," put in Miss Shepard quickly.

"Did you speak, Miss Shepard?" asked the young man, his eyes bright with laughter.

"No," she said coldly; "I pinched my finger with the nut-cracker."

"Do get to the point," said Eliza Hitchcock.

"Well, it was just here that this young man made the most serious mistake of his life. He no longer had any doubt of his love for her, but he didn't believe in long engagements, and then it would be an injustice to her to ask her to marry a man as poor as he. As I said, he blundered. Never talk to a woman upon the practicability of marriage when she expects you to make love to her. He called Christmas afternoon and explained to her his

financial condition, and how their engagement would necessarily be a long one, and—well, just as he had finished with all that and intended to tell her how much he loved her, she turned around and told him that she feared they never could be congenial, as their ideals of love were certainly decidedly opposed. Money was of very little matter to her, she said. She had hoped a man might some day love her as all women wished to be loved; to consider her the goal toward which to direct all effort; to hold a glance or word of approval from her an inspiration; to count a renunciation made for her sake a privilege, not a sacrifice. But she had never imagined, she continued, that she could appear in the light in which she now saw herself, that of a luxury which a man doubted whether he really could afford or not.

"Besides, she said, it really amused her to observe his conceit in taking for granted their engagement without consulting her. Well, he was utterly crushed. And by the time he did think of the right thing to say he found she had said good-afternoon to him and he had been tramping several miles around the streets in a snow-storm. It wasn't till then he discovered how much he cared for her.

"Moreover, this young man, who had considered himself possessed of intrepid bravery, discovered himself a veritable coward. He was always afraid he might meet her, but he was equally miserable if he didn't. If he called on her he always found a third person present. This went on for a year. The hardest part of all was that he made a good deal of money after it was too late. It made him feel pretty sore, because he kept loving her more all the time and she would have nothing to do with him.

"Once or twice he had a chance to speak to her, but she would give him such an imploring glance and try to move away that he hadn't the heart to say a word. It seemed brutal. He was feeling pretty desperate, when he received a note from a mutual friend inviting him to dinner as a little

surprise for her. At first it did seem awfully like taking advantage of her, but, as I was saying, he wasn't a very superior young man and——"

There was a sudden little clattering of china. Miss Shepard had risen and had been standing at the side table refilling the cups with tea. As she turned the tray shook in her trembling hands, the fragrant beverage splashing over into the saucers.

"Oh, dear!" she said. And then over the dancing china the blue eyes sent an appealing tear-wet glance.

"Let me help you," said Mr. Arnold, rising. He took the tray from her and laid it on the table between the Misses Tompkins. Then he took her hands in his.

"Oh, Edith," he murmured, "won't you forgive me? because it's—why—it's Christmas, you know."

She glanced around helplessly. "I must pass the cream and sugar," she said; "I—I——" And then her voice broke sobbingly and she wavered blindly toward him.

"Pass that tea around," said Eliza Hitchcock, addressing the elder Miss Tompkins, "and let 'em alone. Get up and get the cream and sugar, Fanny, and hand me my cane."

"No, I will," cried Miss Shepard, disengaging herself from Mr. Arnold's arms, her eyes shining like stars.

"I thought she was going to faint," explained the young man to the astonished old ladies, "and so I had to hold her."

"That will do," said Miss Shepard. "You go back to your place," giving him a gentle little shove. But her face was like a rose.

"Hand me my cane, Fanny, so I can stand up," said Eliza Hitchcock. Then, raising her cup of tea, "Let us drink to the——"

Then an incident in the friendship of these two women occurred. For the first time Miss Fenwick arose and asserted herself in contradiction to Eliza Hitchcock.

"I once knew your father," she said, addressing Mr. Arnold, "and this was our engagement ring. I should

not like to wear it again now that he is married," the weak voice quavered.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Eliza Hitchcock.

"But I should like his son to have it," ended Miss Fenwick.

Mr. Arnold looked hesitatingly at Miss Shepard.

"Will you take care of it for me, Edith?" he said.

Miss Shepard blushed. "I don't know," she murmured. But she allowed him to draw her to him and slip the ring on her finger.

Eliza Hitchcock pounded on the floor with her cane.

"Get up," she said to the Misses Tompkins. Old Madame Ferrand alone remained seated. She had fallen asleep

in her chair and was resting peacefully as a little child.

"This," said Eliza Hitchcock, "is to wish you both a long and happy life together, and a Merry Christmas, on earth peace, good-will toward men."

"You can have a sip of mine as long as you didn't pour any for yourself," said Mr. Arnold in an aside to Miss Shepard, holding his cup to her lips. But she was laughing so that the tea ran down her dimpled chin.

"And this," said the young man, flourishing his half-empty cup, "is to wish you all the merriest and happiest Christmas possible."

"But," said Eliza Hitchcock in a loud whisper to Miss Fenwick, "I don't see that he asked our opinion of that story he told, after all."

EVERY-DAY GIRLS.

BY DOROTHY TANNER.

THEY had not met since as sweet girl-graduates they stood shoulder to shoulder in classes, were devoted to the same people, enjoyed the same books—in brief, were as alike as two school-girls without a shadow of relationship could be.

Now after six years have gone by these letters are exchanged:

DECEMBER 5, 18—.

DEAREST SALLY: Come to us for the holidays. Don't say no. Betty is at home, and I've written Ruth to leave her mathematics, shake off the dust of ages and join us. We are never gay, so can't promise you sassiety, but if you'll only come we will have a heavenly time! Answer at once. Your

DOROTHY.

DECEMBER 7, 18—.

MY PRECIOUS DOROTHY: Your dear letter came last night. First I cried for very happiness at the thought of seeing you all, then I sat down and counted my pennies, then I dived into my closet and laid out my scanty fig-leaves. I then reasoned thusly: "You better stay quietly

in your boarding-house, practice your chorus music, and remodel your clothes. You know 'twill upset you to go and play you're a gay girl and not a school-ma'am."

By that time I used my pass to the "Slough of Despond." I speedily scrambled out again, and began to reason the other side of the question. "Dorothy wants you. You haven't seen her for six years. Betty, too, will be at home, and dear Ruth is going." And then I cried again. And, dear, I'll come for just ten days, reaching you the day before Christmas.

Ever your

SALLY.

DECEMBER 11, 18—.

SALLY, you blessing! I actually shed a tear of joy over your letter. Can you imagine me—me—shedding a tear?

Talk about your fig-leaves! Betty and I have not a decent leaf to our backs.

But we care not what the world may say,
We'll take our fun through every day!

You can see how affected I am when I drop into rhyme.

I'll notify all the school-girls we enjoyed such an age ago; and upon counting and recounting and counting again, I think

we may be able to unearth six men—not more—who shall be invited to call.

I never was a strong attraction to the sterner sex, you'll remember, and Betty's being away for six months has caused quite a diminution in our circle of callers. But remembering your failing and hers, I've been very gracious to all for three weeks past, and if they don't forget it they will call.

Let us know what time you arrive, and we will meet you. Thine,

D—

(driven to death as usual).

The day before Christmas came, and at five A.M. there were heard subdued whisperings in a tiny bedroom in one of the flats on X— Avenue.

"Betty, fly! You're always late."

"Ruth! I declare if that girl hasn't her hat on!"

Crash!

"What's that? O my sweet mirror—the sole remaining article of elegance in my room! I shall have to replace it with a twenty-five-cent one. There's mother. No wonder she couldn't sleep through bedlam!"

"Girls, girls," softly; "are you ready? Take a cracker before you go, and do try to catch a car."

"Bless you, mother! Catch a car this time of day? Impossible. We'll have to walk."

"Ruth," said irrepressible Betty, "we will walk this morning, but the next time you come I will have my carriage. At present my income is largely outgo, but times are about to change."

"How do you know, Betty?"

"Feel it in my bones, as you do rheumatism."

"Girls, do hurry! That train will be in, and Sally will think we've forgotten her!"

In the gray of the dawn these three girls—school-ma'am Dorothy, demure Ruth and gay Betty—crept softly down the stairs and out into the deserted street.

The wind swept stiffly around the corner; the snow was falling fast; but, nothing daunted, they weathered the storm, and after a brisk walk of twen-

ty-five minutes, saw the lights of the station twinkling in the distance.

"The train is due at six-thirty, and we have five minutes to spare—that is what I call promptness," said Dorothy, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Don't speak of promptness until you find how late the train is," replied Betty.

"The western train is two hours late, mum," cheerfully announced the train dispatcher.

"Call him 'train detainer,' not 'train dispatcher,'" murmured Ruth. "Think of two mortal hours in this stuffy place, with never a decent chair in which to rest your bones, nor a morsel of bread to break your fast, nor a cup of coffee to keep up your spirits!"

"Only three kernels of corn, mother," broke in wicked Betty as she whipped out sketch-book and pencil—her constant companions.

"Ruth, let us lose ourselves in the morning paper. We can catch up with the news in two hours, I think."

Slowly the time went by. The news was assimilated and the sketch-book reveled in acquisitions—brides and ragged newsboys side by side, old gentlemen and cherubic babies—and at last the train rolled in.

In two minutes four girls fell to kissing each other with an ardor that surprised and amused even the worn-out train dispatcher.

Father and mother stood ready to welcome the wayfarers, the fire burned brightly, the breakfast was smoking hot. Perhaps four cold, hungry girls enhanced the goodness of everything; and it was such a delight to be together again that the warmth and brightness were doubly warm and bright.

"Let us spend the morning visiting," and very soon the girls, in house gowns and slippers, were toasting themselves at the fire and talking as fast as tongues could go.

While they take their comfort and gossip, look well at them.

Sally is tall and slender, with black hair which waves about her face and wonderful gray eyes with a gleam of grave mischief in them. "Her voice"

is ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

Ruth—demure, quiet Ruth—has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is small and plump—altogether a most comfortable little person to know. The report is that she has led her classes all through college.

Dorothy is as tall as Sally and a little more slender, with straight brown hair and eyes she calls green. She is a born manager, and is in her element when planning not only for herself, but for a dozen others. Time will soften many of her angles.

Happy, fun-loving Betty has large, dancing blue eyes, an abundance of goldy-brown hair which, parted in the middle, rolls back and forms a mass of braids. She is very small, with a face which shows resolution and power. She is studying art in New York and trying to make a little money go a great way—as talented girls often have to. She and Ruth are younger than the other two by three or four years.

"Well, elders," said Ruth, "what are your plans for the week?"

"I've it all arranged," replied Dorothy. "Listen: owing to the exceedingly smallness of our rooms, I have invited the girls in two sets—one for day after to-morrow and the other for the day after the 'day after to-morrow'—see? To be perfectly frank, I had in mind, besides the size of the rooms, the three best teacups Jane smashed last week, for as my invitations said 'chocolate' 'twill be necessary to have cups. Then those six men I mentioned in a letter will call some evening, and whatever we'll do to amuse them I'm sure I don't know. Father never would listen to cards."

"Oh," said Betty, "'tis easy enough to arrange a programme. Sally will sing two numbers, Dorothy play two numbers, and for variety Ruth will give test examples in trigonometry, and I will exhibit my sketches. There is no difficulty in that."

"Dorothy, you don't know how strange it seems to find you in a flat. How did it happen?"

"Why, when Sue married last spring

and Tom took her to the 'jumping-off place,' we were so dismal that when May 1st drew near we decided to move, and Betty and I raved over these flats until father and mother said: 'Look at them.' We examined them critically and announced our satisfaction—"such a charming location, such sweet rooms, so cozy; in short, Elysium!" Father and mother smiled wisely and said: 'Try them if you like.' That is how it happened."

"And do you still think it Elysium?"

"My dear, everything is stern reality in this workaday world, and life in a flat has its advantages and, again, its disadvantages. You have as much privacy as if all the world and his wife were related to you and lived with you. Betty and I declared when we moved that we would observe New York regulations and not know our neighbors; but, dear me, one was ill and another homesick, the baby downstairs was so cute and the bachelor upstairs so polite, that before we knew it we were quite 'at home.' Now, if one has anything choice in the way of a book, pamphlet or paper, or interesting in the way of a bit of gossip, or anything particularly clever, all share it."

The week that followed was one long remembered by these four friends—a playtime whose influence extended farther than they then dreamed.

Christmas dawned clear and cold, and merriment waxed high. The bell began its ringing almost at sunrise, and all the day brought remembrances from friends far and near.

"This candy is most delectable, and five pounds of it, too! Dorothy, does the sender call this week?"

"Probably. He is the delightful widower of whom I wrote. We call him the 'D. W.' for short. His wife died some five years ago. You will like him, Sally—he is very much like his candy."

"Doubtful compliment to call a man sweet!" exclaimed Ruth.

"I didn't," came the quick retort. "As there is variety in the candy, so in him—never monotonous, always pleasing."

"Betty, why not put those flowers, over which you are lingering so fondly, in a cool place, to keep for our company to-morrow?"

"Is there any 'Sweet William' among them, Betty?"

"Possibly a bachelor button or two?"

"I forbid malicious remarks, you jealous sinners. Not a flower shall you wear to-morrow if I hear any more," declared Betty as she gathered up a large box of roses, violets, chrysanthemums and ferns.

"Parse 'Sweet William,'" cried school-ma'am Dorothy. "Sweet William is a proper noun, because somebody's name; though first person in his own estimation, he is third because we are talking of him; singular number—so singular he squanders a fortune on flowers for Betty; masculine gender; nominative case—self-nominated Betty's adorer!"

"Girls, after that display of wit you may slumber. The remainder of the day is monotony. One burst of genius in twenty-four hours is all you can expect from Dorothy," called Betty as she fled with her flowers.

Twilight fell early, and lamps shone cheerily in the wee parlor. The furniture was of a fine old style—much of it solid rosewood. A grandfather's clock ticked loudly, boasting its hundred years. Choice pictures were on the walls and Christmas greens hung everywhere. The table was laden with books and magazines, and father and mother sat in their easy-chairs, waiting for the girls.

Here they come, looking so pretty in light dresses. These house gowns belong to the chapter of economies, for when winter days come summer gowns of challie and silk are brought out, washed, pressed, made over, and behold gowns for evening use at home! Mother's fingers are deft and Betty's brains yield designs—the effect is pleasing. Who would know that Dorothy's gown was pieced under the ruffles and that Betty's had actually been washed and ironed?

"It is time for Christmas music,

children," says father, and the four gather around the piano. Christmas carols, choruses, an oratorio or two lie on the music-stand; and soon four fresh young voices ring out clearly, blithely, in songs old and new.

Sally's voice—the only one which shows cultivation—fills the house with melody that causes the occupants of the other apartments to listen until the last note dies away.

"You have improved greatly, my dear. Let us hear more."

The clock struck nine—the father's bed-time—but he never moved; nine-thirty, and the mother looked at him wonderingly; ten, and from weariness the voices ceased.

"Sally," said the father, "work patiently and perseveringly with that voice of yours. It is a marvelous gift for which the Lord will some day call you to account." And then with a patriarchal benediction he said: "Good-night."

The account for which the Lord would some day call had that day a white page. A lonely, aching heart in the apartment above was cheered and almost forgot its sorrow; the restless invalid across the hall was quieted, and had that night a refreshing sleep such as had not come in many a weary week; another neighbor—rich and miserly—was taken back in thought by the fresh, girlish voices to the time when he loved to listen to a sister whose rich contralto was the counterpart of the one singing above him. Yes, he knew she was dead, and she left a son and daughter. He had not cared enough about them to inquire where they lived—"in New York somewhere," he supposed; but he had been too busy getting gain to search for relatives.

He rested not that night until a letter was sent after them. Little did he think that they would soon find a place in his home and heart, and by another Christmas blithe young voices would be singing for him merry Christmas carols.

All unconscious of the good done, the four girls kissed mother "good-night," but 'twas long before the last

hushed whisper and smothered laugh died away.

"Shoo! shoo!" began Dorothy the moment early dinner was finished. "Ruth, look to it that not a flock of dust remains in the parlor. Betty, see that the books, shoes and gowns are out of sight in our boudoirs. Sally, you and I will arrange these dishes to have them handy by. Jane has shined this five-o'clock teakettle until you can see yourself in it. Poor old Jane, she grows older and more rheumatic each year. I dread the day when another queen will reign over our pots and kettles!"

Silence ruled for an hour while things were twisted into place.

"A small place hath a large advantage," quoth Ruth. "When you dust a thing—be it bric-a-brac, book, music—you lose no time deciding where it shall go—there is room for it in but one place. 'Tis two by the clock, and you must array yourselves without delay. I told the girls not a moment later than three."

Four o'clock witnessed a pretty sight. The little room was filled to overflowing with only ten girls in it. Dorothy made the chocolate, while Betty and Ruth passed it and the dainty cakes, and Sally was the lion.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! "A woman's tongue is strung in the middle and loose at both ends," and what a noise ten such tongues can make!

'Twas holiday time for most of these girls—all being students or teachers—and their descriptions of the "ups and downs of life" would make a book to cause much laughter and, it may be, some few tears.

"You haven't changed a bit, Sally!"

"Oh, yes, I have. I've an additional temper line on my forehead, and crow's-feet are beginning to appear about my eyes. I'm six years older in actual years and ages in feeling!"

"Poor thing," exclaimed wicked Betty. "I was reading of Methuselah this morning, and wondered then why Sally hovered persistently before my mind, Now I know."

In the corner sit three girls whose

faces are most interesting. One is making a great success lecturing on American history, one has a position in a prominent college, and the third is a musician of no mean merit.

In another group, of which Betty is the center, are three or four girls who are earning art educations as they go along. Every penny counts, and a five-dollar bill looks as large to them as a five-thousand to a Jay Gould.

The others, teachers all, are bright, earnest workers, with a purpose in their hearts to make their "little corners" the better for their being in them.

Is not the world brighter for such workers?

The next day saw a repetition of the visiting, but another set of girls—the girls of leisure, with incomes sufficient for ease and in some cases splendor. The chat was less serious—though with no more of mirth in it—and sleigh-rides, skating-parties and the last concert took the place of art magazines, naughty pupils and the last review.

The neighbors smiled as sounds of laughter reached them. "What sunshiny girls!" they said.

"Now, girls, the rest of the week has more than filled itself up," announced Dorothy as late that evening they sat around the fire and talked the days over. "Not a minute have we to breathe for the next five days, but all sorts of fun, beginning to-morrow morning with a drive at ten and lasting through till midnight."

"Think of two 'chocolates' and never a thing upset or broken!" said Ruth.

"And," chimed in Sally, "two evenings with callers! I'm altogether unaccustomed to such luxuries. 'Tis charming."

"And now five days more of it, girls," added Betty. "When we go to Europe let us take Dorothy as manager, by all means."

"Ladies, observe me beam upon you! Such flattery demands a speech, but not being gifted with a tongue of silver I'll pass the candy instead."

"Thanks—we prefer it."

"Seriously, girls, when shall we ever

do our dusting, mending and bed-making? And the Sabbath day is the only time left for home and father and mother."

"My dear, don't dust and mend, and I have a patent on making beds in a hurry. Remember, this is a second 'Vagabondia,' and this week is an excursion into the 'camp of the Philistines.' Soon enough we shall be recalled to workaday clothes and dusting and mending."

"Let us tell our plans for the future, and when next we meet we'll see if they are successful. Sally, you begin."

"Well," mused Sally, with gray eyes thoughtfully gazing into the fire, as if to read her future there, "I am going back to my school and music, determined to work harder, more thoroughly than ever; and some day I hope to be a well-educated, cultivated woman, with a voice that shall gain me a competence and do the world some good."

Betty sat next, and proceeded to map out her future with energy and precision:

"Next week will find me again in New York, I hope. There I shall dig and delve and delve and dig until I can scrape together money enough to carry me across the water and support me while I study there for several years. My ambition reaches so high I dare not follow it; but I do mean my brush shall serve my day and generation, if it lasts no longer!"

"Modest!" interrupted Dorothy. "Ruth, it is your turn now."

"Yes, I graduate next June, and if negotiations are successful I shall begin my career in W—— Seminary as teacher of mathematics. I know I am a born teacher—Professor F—— says so and I enjoy mathematics thoroughly; and what a luxury to have a comfortable salary!"

"Ruth, my dear," said Dorothy, "you're such a comfort to me. Those other girls have soared so far above money, I began to fear they would fly right on and never come back. But you, practical Ruth, touch my heart: a comfortable salary is a most comfortable thing. As for me and my career,

I've nothing to say. I once planned a career as extensive as any, but, alas! I never even got launched on it. My private pupils, father, mother, the house, Jane, my plants and canary, have their pieces of the day; and oftentimes there is not so much as a scrap left for me. Should there happen to be, Madame Parley is sure to come in to consult me about the twins' music or Agamemnon's Greek, or the church missionary would like a programme planned, or the pastor's wife has a few calls to be made, etc., *ad infinitum*. You see, my dears, a career is out of the question. I am already a typical 'old maid' with my hobbies, plants, canary and all. And what is worse than all else, I shall never be a financial success! Good-night and pleasant dreams."

An extract from Dorothy's diary two years later.

"Frailty, thy name is woman!" Inconsistency, thy name is woman!

Three careers spoiled and all my theories groveling in the mire of doubt—I believe I'll shed a tear!

Sally was married to the delightful widower a month ago, and even the fact that I was maid of honor didn't console me. What a wondrous amount of good her voice will do the world!

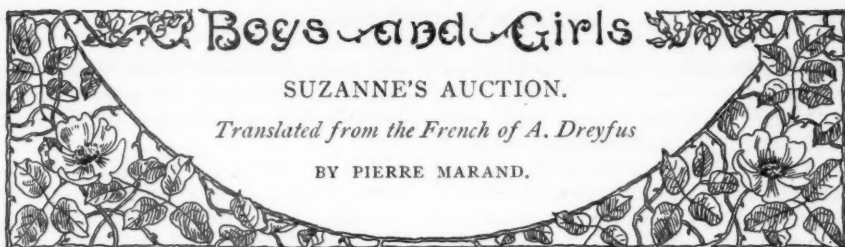
And it seems Professor F—— has changed his mind about Ruth's being a born teacher. She wrote last week that he felt sure he could labor more successfully and arrive at truth more quickly if a loving little Ruth kept his fireside cheery for him. And she agreed with him.

W—— Seminary is looking for another teacher of mathematics. I heard that they would like one who is old and homely, with green goggles and a strong mind. They have married off three in as many years.

And Betty, my pride and hope, who has just reached the threshold of success, if not fame—and after such labor, too—has given up all for "Sweet William."

My theories shall not fail. I know a woman can have a career and be successful in it. I'll choose one myself and prove it.

Wouldn't you?



SUZANNE is no longer a little girl; she will soon be three years old.

People are not old at three, but they have fixed notions about many things and what certain folks call principles—meaning stubbornness. When Suzanne has made up her mind on any subject without knowing why she never yields one iota. In one word, she is a very obstinate child.

Suzanne has another defect. She is incessantly climbing up on the furniture. No end of times she has had falls, dragging down with her some chair or small table she had recklessly attempted to scale. Any other child would have been cured of such a disastrous habit. But I have just told you how stubborn she was. You shall see now what catastrophes are apt to result from a combination of these two faults, obstinacy and the passion of climbing about.

Only the other day she was again perched upon a chair in the parlor. If she had been contented to climb up and sit down upon it, like a sensible person, to look at a picture book on the adjacent table, no one would have said a word. But Suzanne never looks at pictures very long, no matter how pretty they may be. After a few moments she had cast the book aside, and with her knees on the chair amused herself by rocking a large flower vase within reach.

"Take care, Suzanne," said her mamma, "you will break that vase."

Suzanne continues.

"Do you hear me?" repeats the mother. "I say you will break that vase!"

"If I break it I shall pay for it!"

Who could have suggested to her such a reply? This is still an anxious question. Such forms of expression are not tolerated by her parents, who

employ none but polite and attentive servants. But in the same house, on the floor above, there is a terrible cook—a coarse woman who is continually talking at the top of her voice. Often the windows have to be closed to keep her indecorous clamors from reaching Suzanne's ears. No doubt it was this woman who had made such a retort to her mistress while rudely banging the dishes about.

However that may be, Suzanne's mamma was still dumfounded at her daughter's impertinence, when crack! crack! the vase and Suzanne tumbled upon the floor together; the vase, of course, in a thousand pieces, the chair dislocated and Suzanne all red in the face, but silent, for in such cases, whether the consciousness of her guilt prevents her from complaining or the shock represses her tears, Suzanne never weeps.

At this moment arrives her father, who is promptly posted upon the adventure.

"Well, this is very simple," said he calmly. "Suzanne said she would pay for the vase if she broke it; now she has broken it she must pay for it, unless, sincerely repenting her disobedience, she asks our forgiveness."

Suzanne pinched her lips.

Her mamma approaches. "Come, Suzanne, ask pardon."

Suzanne remains dumb.

"Will you not ask pardon?"

"Then," says the father, "Suzanne prefers to pay. Let her go and fetch her money."

Suzanne goes. Her treasure is kept in a little porte-monnaie, a present from her uncle Felix. She brings it along, opens it, not without some difficulty, and tenders her mamma the contents—a small gold piece and some

bright new silver coins; sum total, twelve francs.

"But," says the father, "the vase cost much more than that. It is worth at least one hundred francs! Did you think of that, miss?"

Suzanne makes no reply.

"And you, *mon amie*," addressing the mother, "what do you think of it?"

"I think Suzanne is sorry for what she has done and will go at once and kiss her papa. Won't you, Suzanne?"

Suzanne drops her head.

"Come, my little daughter, be a nice girl now. Give me your hand and let us ask pardon of papa!"

Suzanne withdraws her hand.

"Let her alone, *mon amie*," says the father. "Since Suzanne obstinately refuses to ask pardon and her twelve francs are insufficient to pay for the vase, we shall be obliged to sell the things that belong to her. Let us see what she possesses."

"Why, there are her dresses, her pretty hat," says mamma.

"Pardon me, a little girl's clothes belong to her parents, who loan them to her so that she may not go naked in the street."

Here Suzanne puts on a significant pout. The father continues, unmoved:

"She really has of her own only her toys and dolls. These articles we shall have to sell."

"Where, my friend?"

"Here—to-morrow. Her cousins are already invited to spend the afternoon here. They will be ready purchasers."

Next day at two o'clock P.M. the cousins, of both sexes, followed by uncles and aunts, arrived at the house of Suzanne's parents. The whole relationship, in fact, had been convened, and they formed a numerous class, reinforced by a few little friends. As a consequence there was a crowd in the parlor where the sale was to transpire. The larger furniture had to be pushed aside as for a ball, and five rows of chairs were provided for the children alone. The parents were standing behind them or circulating to

and fro in the dining-room, whose doors had been removed. It was an uncommon bustle and commotion, I assure you.

Let us further note—and in a history of this importance no details should be omitted—that there was also a well-garnished sideboard conveniently accessible. It was supposed that the bidding would be animated, and that after the battle the combatants would stand in need of refreshments.

And Suzanne—what did she say?

Suzanne simply continued to say nothing. You have seen with what composure she had listened to the paternal decree. She persevered in the most absolute neutrality. True, some time during the night the mother fancied she had heard a few stifled sobs in a little bed near her own, and with natural anxiety she had asked Suzanne whether she was weeping, but the latter only answered:

"No, mamma, I am blowing my nose!"

Nothing therefore remained but to proceed with the sale, and this was accordingly done.

Uncle George had assumed the responsible office of auctioneer. He was usually a very jovial character, this Uncle George. He knows how to get up amusements for children and tells comical stories which are highly appreciated. But this time, penetrated with the gravity of his duties, Uncle George was by no means disposed to joke. He had slowly ascended the platform reserved for him, and seated before the table, with the ivory hammer in his hand, he scanned the assemblage with a sad and serious eye.

Uncle Jules, who had a good voice, had assumed the more modest functions of crier. At the auctioneer's request he began:

"Gentlemen [without addressing the ladies, as per professional usage], we shall first offer for sale a fully dressed and articulated doll—curly hair, enamel eyes and biscuit head. Here it is; please hand it around."

There was a commotion among the

public, on the girls' side especially, while the boys affected an air of indifference and passed on the doll without looking at it.

Little Marie looked dreamy.

"The head is biscuit," she whispered in Helen's ear.

"No, you stupid," said Helen; "it isn't real."

The crier resumed: "How much is bid?"

No one replied.

"We are offered five sous," said Uncle George, but the crowd never moved.

"Why don't you take it?" whispered André to his little sister. "Sing out three sous!"

"Three sous!" cried Marie.

"Excuse me, please!" said Uncle George. "This sale being in real earnest, I warn you that such jokes cannot be tolerated. I have said we are offered five sous. Consequently you can only bid over that figure. Six, seven or eight sous and so on."

"Eight sous!" cried Elise.

"That's something like it," resumed Uncle George; "I see you understand me. Go on."

"Ten sous!" cried Helen, bidding for little Marie.

Elise rose in a tremor. "Eleven sous!"

Helen, too, now got upon her feet. The contest had begun.

"Twelve!"

"Thirteen!"

"Fourteen!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

Here there was a great silence. Helen, vanquished, sat down again.

"Nobody says a word?" asked Uncle George, and the ivory hammer fell heavily upon the table.

"Knocked down to Miss Helen on account of little Marie."

There were other dolls to be sold, and after the dolls a large number of every kind of toys, all owing to the large number of Suzanne's uncles and aunts. It is said that large families are generally happy. This is especially true in the case of their children.

Suzanne had been particularly spoiled. The aforesaid uncles and aunts, besides other friends, had loaded her with presents, never dreaming, of course, that some day these tokens of affection would be dispersed at public auction because of her obstinate pride.

To enumerate all these objects would unreasonably protract this narrative. Nor shall I dilate upon the divers phases of the sale, which was quite animated, as you may imagine, and replete with tragic and comical incidents. Thus there was a new struggle between Elise and Marie about a so-called sleeping doll. Little Marie again came off victorious; but when the doll was handed over to her, she observed that it was not a sleeping one or had become awake. Hence some tears were shed, of which Daniel contributed his share from pure sympathy. His cousin was crying so he had to cry, too.

Another scene. André had run up an elephant "from the Zoo" in competition with Cousin Leopold. Both coveted it intensely and the beast threatened to reach a most fabulous price, when Leopold was inspired to remark that its left ear was torn. This reflection being made in a loud tone stopped André's bidding at once, and to the cunning Leopold the elephant was adjudged.

Due mention should also be made of a sheep or lamb with a natural fleece, decorated with a sky-blue ribbon, rolling on wheels and bleating at will. This *mouton* attracted much attention, as also a cow which bellowed and gave real milk. Unfortunately the bellowing of the cow rather too unmistakably sounded like the bleating of the sheep.

But Suzanne! you will naturally inquire; let us hear about Suzanne! What was her attitude in the course of the sale?

Well, you would scarcely believe it—the attitude of a person the most unconcerned in the world.

Is it possible?

—Yes, the most solemn truth; she was not moved one particle. At one of the most pathetic moments, when Uncle Jules was milking the cow to

show that it was the real stuff, Suzanne had remained impassible, and even during Leopold and André's fight for the elephant she had but vaguely smiled.

It was hardly credible.

But wait—we are not done yet. All the articles on exhibition had been sold and Uncle Emile, who represented some benevolent society, had just acquired a lot of two-sous and five-sous toys for the poor children of the parish, when Suzanne's nurse discovered that one doll had been overlooked in the closet which contained the presents. It was, to be candid, a sorry-looking doll. It had once known better days, when friend Jacques had presented it to Suzanne, and she, joyously grateful for such a pretty-looking daughter, had called it Jacqueline in honor of the giver. But that was a year ago, and since then Suzanne, absorbed by the care of her other children, had somewhat neglected poor Jacqueline, who, pushed about from one corner to another, had successively lost an arm, a leg, an eye and half of her head of hair. Never mind, she would still bring something, and Uncle Jules duly seized hold of her and held her up to the view of all.

"We are now selling this invalid doll!" he cried.

He had not time to finish the sentence. Suzanne had rushed upon him with extended hands to recapture the doll.

"No! No! It is Jacqueline!" she exclaimed. "Jacqueline shall not be sold!"

Then violent sobs and cries and, as her parents approached, "Pardon, papa! Pardon, mamma! It is Jacqueline. I don't want them to sell Jacqueline. Pardon! Pardon!"

The auctioneer, having arisen, with dignity:

"You have asked pardon, miss?"

"Yes—I want Jacqueline."

"That is sufficient. Since forgiveness has been asked, the sale is no longer necessary. Uncle Jules, please restore Jacqueline to her little mother."

Uncle Jules complied, and Suzanne, once more in possession of her darling daughter, covered her with the tenderest kisses, while she was being herself embraced by her parents, to whom she promised to be henceforth a good girl, so she may not have to be ashamed before Jacqueline.

The maternal instinct, in reviving in her young heart, had reawakened the filial sentiment which had been temporarily asleep in its depths.

Is that the whole story?

Yes.

But Suzanne having asked pardon, were not all the other toys returned to her with Jacqueline?

Not at all. You forget what Uncle George had proclaimed—that the sale was perfectly serious. Consequently everything the cousins and friends had purchased was theirs in good faith, and would not be taken back.

Oh! indeed!

Only—to console Suzanne and to acknowledge her repentance—the parents purchased a new and complete set of furniture for Jacqueline. The latter, however, though returned to her little mother's affection, did not recover her missing eye and limbs. But Suzanne told her that her hair would grow out again if she was obedient, and, trusting to this promise, Jacqueline goes sweetly to sleep every night in a pretty little rosewood bedstead presented by her grandpapa among the rest of the elegant furniture.





FASHION AND NEEDLEWORK

Edited by Marion Alcott Prentice.

FURS OF THE SEASON.

THE extreme of elegance is attained in fine winter wraps by the liberal use of luxurious furs, the manifold advantages of which the wise woman will readily appreciate.

They are wonderfully becoming to women of all ages—a fact which woman-kind cannot afford to ignore. Properly selected and cared for, furs will last for years, and only require relining and reshaping now and then to insure their constant usefulness. No textile has ever yet proven so eminently satisfactory—impervious to cold and exceedingly light in weight.

Sealskin is, as usual, accorded first place among furs, and the most costly garment fashioned from it is the long ulster, closely fitted at the back and double-breasted front portions, with collar, cuffs and reverses of Russian sable.

Young matrons are selecting the handsome capes of sealskin which are gracefully rippled around the bottom, and a high collar and reverse of fine chinchilla soften the neck and fronts. The three-quarter-length coats which have been in vogue are still a favorite shape, with the exception that the sleeves are larger than in the past. The Prince Albert coat is another elegant mode and is decidedly becoming to tall, graceful women.

Trimmings of sealskin are much admired and will be largely used to edge capes, collars, cuffs, etc., of fine cloth and silk wraps, coats and jackets.

China seal, which looks exactly like Alaska seal, but is vastly cheaper and

less durable, is used for caps, muffs, boas, cape collars and trimmings. The skin is not strong enough to insure a durable fitted garment.

Moiré astrakhan is quite new, very popular and expensive. It is the pelt of the very young Astrakhan kid; the hair is exceedingly glossy, sleek and short.

The fur is much like the costly moiré Persian which has been so scarce of late years. Chinchilla fur is much admired and is used for entire capes as well as trimmings. Mink is another standard fur which never goes out of style. It is used for capes, trimmings, muffs and many of the handsomest short boas; associated with seal it is always in good taste. Capes of all lengths and a variety of styles are in high favor. Some have tab-fronts, others jaunty rippled collars or a rippled body and high Medici collar or else quite smooth-pointed in front and having a high rolling collar.

All fashionable furs are used in the making of capes and the most costly are frequently associated.

Black Tibet and Persian lamb, black Tibet and moiré astrakhan, seal and chinchilla, seal and sable, etc.

Cape collars are very stylish this season and look especially well when worn over a coat of cloth or jacket *en suite* with skirt.

A wrap of velvet or fine cloth supplemented by a stylish collar of fur is charming. The fashionable length of fur cape collars is eleven inches. Long and short boas are in constant demand; the former are made round and finished with tails on the ends, while the latter are made in round and flat shapes and

both heads and tails are used to decorate the ends.

Muffs are made in a variety of sizes. There is the large muff, plainly fashioned and richly lined, carried by elderly ladies and designed especially for comfort; then there is the smaller size, quite as warm but more dressy; and the jaunty little muff which has saucy little heads and tails arranged upon it, and is supported by a fine silk



FIG. I.

cord or a rich dark ribbon slipped under the dress collar.

It is predicted that furs will be used to trim many of the mid-winter hats.

Russian circulars of fine cloth and silks are lined throughout with squirrel fur; these comfortable garments are made in two lengths, the one reaching to the ground, while the other mode comes only a few inches below the knees.

Handsome cloth coats are also lined with dark gray squirrel fur and the collar, cuffs and reverses are of silver

fox. All varieties of fox furs are represented in the winter's list: white, black, blue, gray and silver, also fancy French dyed foxes.

* *

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

With wintry weather at hand warm clothing becomes one of the first necessities of health, and although children are on the whole less sensitive to changes in the temperature than their elders, they require even more carefully chosen clothing to insure a proper degree of warmth without additional weight.

The first garment for a child old enough to run about is a combination in flannel or warm woven material, covering the body closely from the throat to the knees and keeping all the vital parts at an even temperature. After this may be added the usual boneless stays, a mere foundation for the buttons to which are attached the drawers and the flannel petticoat. A princess petticoat over this, with lined bodice made high enough to cover the lungs, is all that is needed; indeed, if the petticoat is of warm material the flannel may be, and often is, omitted, for a flannel combination gives more real warmth than half a dozen petticoats.

The underclothing may thus be reduced to four garments, with of course the exception of warm stockings drawn up well over the knee. All these garments may be plain or ornamental, whichever best suits the taste and circumstances of the mother; of their necessity there can be no doubt, and they can be made just as healthy and comfortable at a very trifling outlay as if they cost a small fortune.

There is plenty of choice among the new woolen materials of suitable fabrics for children's dresses, and many of the new and comparatively light shades are youthful-looking and will make very becoming little frocks.

Above all things do have the children well provided with thick shoes, rubbers, storm coats, mittens, caps and coats. Throw pride and fashion

to the wind and make the little folk comfortable, and they will bless you in after-years for their sturdy bodies. Soft crocheted caps, or those made of velvet which can be drawn down over the tender little ears, are pretty if nicely made, and there are hosts of long warm coats with wide collars which can be turned up to protect the throat. There is vastly more comfort to be gotten out of warm clothing than out of a doctor's bill.

* *

A DAINY TROUSSEAU.

For her wedding dress she selected a fine quality of ivory-white satin and accordion-plaited chiffon. As she was a little bit of a woman she wisely left the stiff brocades alone.

The foundation skirt of the satin was made plain with the fullness gathered behind. Around the foot of this skirt was a six-inch ruche of the satin thickly beaded with pearls. Over the satin skirt was one of accordion-plaited chiffon that reached only to the top of the ruche. This skirt was very full and fluffy-looking. The sharply pointed short waist was made in corselet style, the broad piece was made of the satin beaded with the pearls. Around the neck the plain chiffon was gathered into handkerchief-like folds under the top of the satin waist. In front the chiffon was drawn away in a V-shaped opening, and was fastened under a large bow of satin ribbon covering the front of the bodice. At the back of the waist was a sash bow of broad ivory satin ribbon with ends that fell to

the foot of the skirt. She wore no jewels except pearls, and her flowers were lilies of the valley.

A dove-colored vicuna cloth was selected for her going-away gown; it was trimmed with black silk passementerie. The skirt was in circular style with fashionable fullness at the back. It had an over-skirt drapery which was quite short at the front and at each side of the back and formed points that reached to the bottom of the skirt at each side of the front and at the cen-

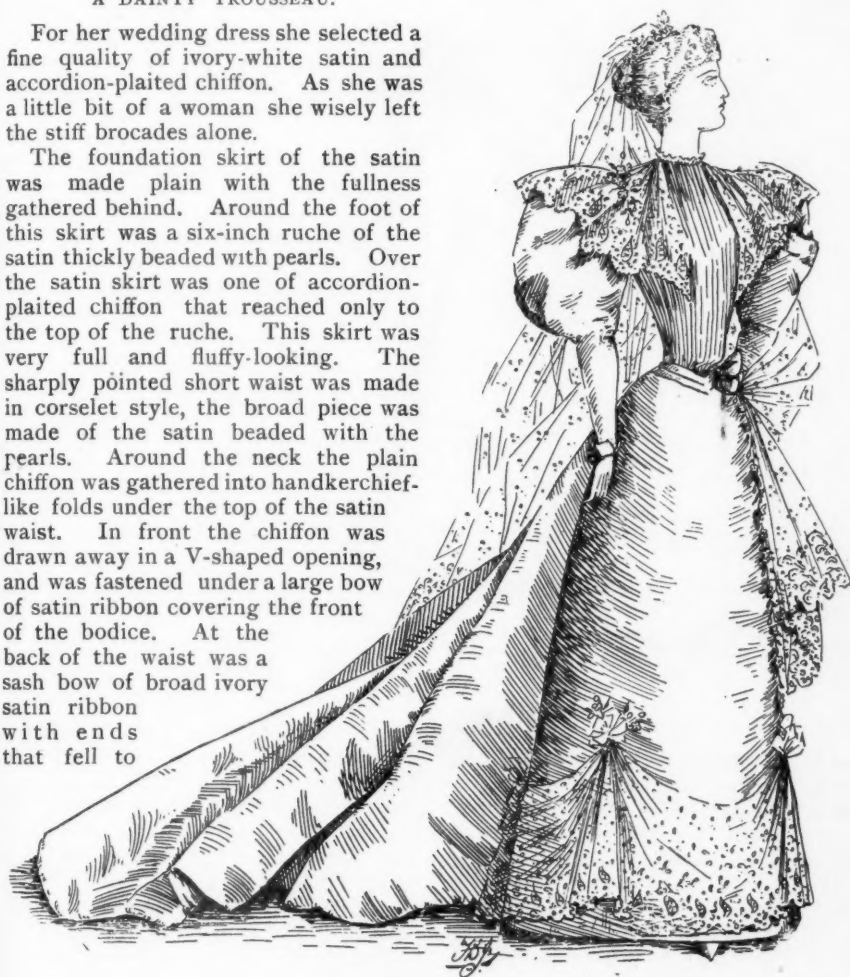


FIG. 2.

ter of the back. The bottom of the over-skirt was trimmed with the silk passementerie. The waist had the fullness held down with tiny plaits. A corselet effect was obtained by having an upward pointed row of the passementerie placed upon the waist, then another row above the first, higher on

side and behind. The bottom of the drapery was trimmed with a row of black silk insertion. The waist was plain and made of the green velvet; it had a circle ruffle of the silk at the bottom finished with the lace. In front and behind around the neck the velvet was cut away in a deep heart-

shaped yoke, and that space was filled in with a full-gathered yoke of pale blue crêpe. It had no collar. The sleeves were in the double-puff style; the large top puff was made of the heliotrope silk; the bottom puff was of the crêpe separated by a band of the black insertion and joined to deep cuffs of the green velvet.

For a house gown a cream organdy with shadowy bunches of pale flowers on its surface was selected. This was lined throughout with cream silk. The silk foundation skirt had a narrow embroidered border of pale green flowers, done in silk, running around the bottom, and at the left side, where the full organdy skirt was lifted about twelve inches, the border widened into a deep cluster of flowers. The bottom of the organdy skirt was trimmed with a row of green ribbon, the color of the flowers, over which was laid a band of white lace insertion. The full-gathered waist was lined with the cream silk.

The bands of the insertion held down the fullness and simulated a pointed yoke. Around the waist was a broad belt of green covered with insertion. The neck was cut rather low and pointed both back and front; the gathers were hidden under a pointed band of the lace-covered ribbon.

The sleeves were gathered very full and were finished at the cuff with the ribbon and insertion.

Maude Harwood.



FIGS. 3 AND 4.

the bust. The sleeves were divided into two puffs, which were separated by a band of the passementerie. The bottom of the short waist was edged with a row of the passementerie.

Her church gown was of heliotrope silk. The skirt was of moss-green velvet finished at the edge with a heavy silk cord; it had an over-skirt drapery of the heliotrope silk consisting of four points, one before, at each

Our Australian cousins have hit on a pretty device as a substitute for the practice of throwing rice over a bridal pair as they leave the church to start for their honeymoon. At a recent marriage in Sydney the guests showered rose-leaves over the happy couple when they took their departure for the wedding tour, until the bride was literally covered with the fragrant roseate and white petals as she sat in the carriage. This is a more poetic way of symbolizing one's desire that the union may be prosperous and happy than the more irritating shower of rice that scratches the skin, ruffles the tempers, and possibly lodges in the eyes of the groom and bride.

* *
*

DRESS ECONOMIES.

You may feel that you cannot afford to spend much money on new dresses this year, since times are so hard, but that is no reason why you should wear old-fashioned ones. The expenditure of a little time and the exercise of ingenuity will enable you to keep up appearances and maintain your self-respect.

Every woman naturally likes to be well dressed, and the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," was often exemplified during last winter. Women who never wore a "made-over" dress before have been surprised and delighted at the resources within their own closets. And when the dresses came forth fresh and new again, they have felt more independent than in the days when everything was purchased from the dry goods counters and made by stylish dressmakers.

When you have decided to make a garment over, take it apart and wash the pieces in a suds made by boiling soap-bark chips in soft water. Rinse through two waters, and when almost dry, iron on the wrong side. If the pieces do not need washing, lay a damp cloth over the fabric and press it with a hot iron. Faded garments, or those of an undesirable color, may be completely transformed by dyeing them



FIG. 5.

with Diamond dye. Select the color you wish and follow the directions carefully. And then, having dyed and pressed the goods, cut and fit by a good pattern.

In ripping the waist do not forget to save the hooks and eyes and good whalebones. Elegant buttons, buckles or ornaments can be used again and again, and always look well.

It is not usually wise to buy combination dresses. Get all the dress of one material, and when the making-over time arrives exercise your ingenuity in forming a pretty combination. Plain goods look well with plaid or striped



FIG. 6.

material. If the colors do not harmonize, dye the plain goods some color that will look well with the plaid. Silk or velvet may also be used with woolen goods to make the new suit.

If good linings are used for the skirts they will look better at first, and when washed, starched and ironed, can be used the second time. Buy one color of waist lining for all dark dresses, and you can always use the pieces that are left, but do not use an old waist lining.

Dresses of cotton or mixed goods often lose their freshness in a short time. These may be dyed any color

desired with Diamond dye for cotton, and handsome garments made of them.

An old silk skirt will often contain enough good material for a dainty waist for afternoon wear, and they are very fashionable this season. Do not make the mistake of always buying a small piece of new goods to put with the old. If you cannot make a dress for yourself, make one for a child. If you have none of your own that needs it, remember that there are many children less fortunately situated, and make it for one of them. "The poor ye have always with you," and the opportunities for doing good are manifold.

Mary.

DESCRIPTIONS OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIG. 1. The bridesmaid's gown illustrated is daintily developed in rose-colored moiré, chiffon and ribbon. The skirt is closely fitted about the hips and fashionably full at the back; a delicate ruching of shirred chiffon finishes its bottom edge. The bodice is nicely adjusted at the back and sides by well-curved seams, and the front portions open widely, displaying a finely shirred vest of chiffon. A high crush collar is made of the same fabric over a stiff interlining. Dainty reverses are edged with a shirred ruching of the chiffon. The stylish large sleeves are shirred closely to the arm just above the elbow and their edges finished with a very full ruffle of chiffon. A broad belt and sash-ends of satin ribbon complete the gown. White gloves and shoes are worn. The handsome hat is of fine white felt, edged with a rather wide facing of shirred rose-colored velvet, and is trimmed with a large bow of white moiré ribbon and rose-colored ostrich plumes, seemingly held by an elegant buckle of glistening rhinestones. Bouquet of white bride roses and foliage.

* * *

FIG. 2. An elegant model for a bridal gown, made of ivory-white satin,

trimmed with Limerick lace and accordion-plaited chiffon, is a dream of loveliness. The bodice is made en-

side. The gigot sleeves have a tiny reverse cuff at the hand. Elegant epaulettes of lace are fastened at the



FIG. 7.

tirely of accordion-plaited chiffon over white satin, and the joining of the skirt and bodice is covered by several folds of satin and a rosette on the left

neck on the shoulder seam and spread out gracefully in soft flutes; the ends of the lace are lightly tacked to the bodice to hold it in place. Deep lace is fes-



FIG. 8.

tooned about the front and sides of the skirt, at the foot, and caught in place with sprays of orange-blossoms. The long train is finished invisibly. A bridal veil of dotted tulle, fastened with a spray of orange-blossoms, white gloves and slippers complete this elegant toilet.

* *

FIG. 3. Stylish visiting costume of dove-gray cloth trimmed with velvet and steel bead embroidery. The bodice is smoothly adjusted at the back, front portions richly decorated with steel beads in yoke shape, deep girdle of same. Very full sleeves, tight-fitting embroidered cuffs. Skirt stylishly fluted at the back, and foot trimmed by a narrow band of velvet and edged with steel beads. Toque of gray felt

and velvet, with paradise osprey trimmings.

* *

FIG. 4. Heavy cloth costume of dark green, trimmed with velvet of the same shade. The stylish coat basque is gracefully adjusted, and the shapely reverses add much to its fine outlines; the vest is made of light green silk, and the high stock collar and jabot are of heavy cream guipure lace. Gigot sleeves and perfectly plain skirt. Large hat of dark green felt, trimmed with black ostrich plumes and osprey.

* *

FIG. 5. Walking costume of beaver colored cloth, the skirt trimmed at the edge with brown fur headed by black braiding. Bodice with slight point in front and pointed braided basque at the side, the back in princess shape. Large reverse and collar edged with fur turned back from a braided plastron. Fur on the collar. Sleeves puffed at the top. Black felt hat trimmed with wings.

* *

FIG. 6. An unusually good model is given for an elderly ladies' costume. It is modishly developed in cheviot of a light stone mixture and is tastefully decorated by the use of black silk passementerie. Two ruffles edge the foot of the skirt, and panels of black cheviot overlaid with the passementerie are placed on either side of the front gore. The elegant coat basque is trimmed with slender tabs of passementerie around the waist-line, and the broad reverse of black cheviot is edged with silk ball fringe. The reverse of fur gives a decided touch of elegance and should match the muff. A bonnet of black velvet is trimmed with crushed velvet roses of a dark wine color and osprey. Broad strings of black lace are tied in a large bow under the chin.

* *

FIG. 7. Tea gown, made in blue cr  pon. At the back is a Watteau plait, falling from a circular yoke of cream cr  pon edged round with black lace. In the front the blue cr  pon is

cut away and made into two long plaits, between which is seen a continuation of the cream yoke gathered rather full, and across the upper part of which are two bands of black lace. This long vest is mounted on a lining. Roll collar of ruched crépon; full sleeves to the elbow, below which they are tight-fitting and trimmed round with three bands of black lace.

* *

FIG. 8. Costume of blue-gray cloth. The skirt is fluted at the back and



FIG. 9.

trimmed round the hem with braid ornamentations. Zouave jacket, edged with braid, and opening with reverse over a full front of old rose-colored silk. Band of black velvet round the waist. Full sleeves to the elbow, below



FIG. 10.

which they are tight-fitting. Straight collar of silk. Gray felt hat trimmed with black ostrich feathers.

* *

FIG. 9. Dainty frock for little girl. This model is suitable for cotton, wool or silk. A pretty dress for home wear is made of poppy-red cashmere. The ruffles are edged with narrow écru guipure insertion, as are also the cuffs and collar. The skirt has a band of fancy stitches worked in écru silk placed about six inches from the bottom edge.

* *

FIG. 10 pictures a pretty style of dress for a girl of fourteen years. For every-day wear it develops nicely in serge. Face the yoke in a lighter shade and overlay with braid; also outline the hem with one or two rows. A crush collar of a harmonious shade of silk and large cravat bow finish the neck.

FUR AND FEATHER COLLARS.

(See plate on opposite page.)

No. 1. Tosca collar, made in red velvet, edged with fur and feather trimming. Where the frill joins the collar itself can be put a jet edging; but this is not necessary if the collar be carefully cut out. Bow of ribbon in the front.

* *

No. 2. Neck scarf of mink, head and tail ornaments.

* *

No. 3. Lavallière collar, made of black or colored velvet, made rather wider at the top and bottom than in the center. It is edged top and bottom with black ostrich feathers, which are longer at the bottom than at the top.

* *

No. 4. Lapland cape, which is stylishly worn over cloth or velvet wraps or jackets made in all the fashionable furs.

* *

No. 5. An elegant cloak, made of brown velvet, trimmed with bands of chinchilla.

* *

No. 6. Large collar known as the victoria, made in beaver, bear, mink, etc.

* *

No. 7. Elegant collar and muff made of sable and richly lined with sable-colored brocade.

* *

No. 8. Mousquetaire collar, made of a draped band of lavender-colored ribbon, ornamented by a jet buckle on either side and three black amazon feathers; over each buckle is a rosette of ribbon.

* *

No. 9. Manola collar. This consists of a draped band of emerald-green velvet, which is made into three loops on either side and held by a buckle, and from the three loops two pointed ends hang down over the bodice.

ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS IN NEEDLEWORK.

HONEYCOMB LACE.

White cotton No. 24 should be used and a fine steel crochet hook. Begin by making a chain of 43 stiches.

1st row—3 double crochets in 4th chain, 1 chain, 3 double crochets in same chain, 1 chain, miss 3 chains of foundation, 1 single crochet in next chain, * 6 chains, miss 3 chains, 1 single crochet in next chain; repeat from star 7 times, then 1 chain, miss 3 chains, 3 double crochets in next chain, 1 chain, 3 double crochets in same chain, 1 single crochet in last chain of foundation.

2d row—2 chains, 3 double crochets under 1 chain of previous row, 1 chain, 3 double crochets under same chain, 3 chains, 1 single crochet under chain of 6, * 6 chains, 6 single crochets under chain of 6; repeat from star 6 times, then 3 chains, 3 double crochets under 1 chain of shell in previous row, 1 chain, 3 double crochets under same chain, 1 double crochet in first double crochet of previous row.

3d row—Shell in shell (see illustration), 1 chain, 1 single crochet in 1st chain of 3, * 6 chains, 1 single crochet under chains of previous row; repeat from star 6 times, then 6 chains, 1 single crochet in last chain of 3, 1 chain, shell in shell.

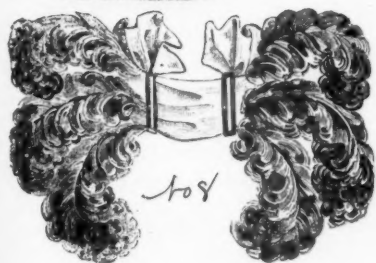
The 4th, 6th and 8th rows are like the 2d row, and the 5th, 7th and 9th rows are like the 3d row.

To make the point—After completing the 9th row continue by making 6 chains, 1 single crochet in next shell, 6 chains, 1 single crochet in next shell; repeat until you have 7 loops, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet in last shell.

2d row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row; repeat until you have 6 loops, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

3d row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row; repeat until you have 5 loops, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

4th row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row; repeat



until you have 4 loops, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

5th row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row; repeat until you have 3 loops, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

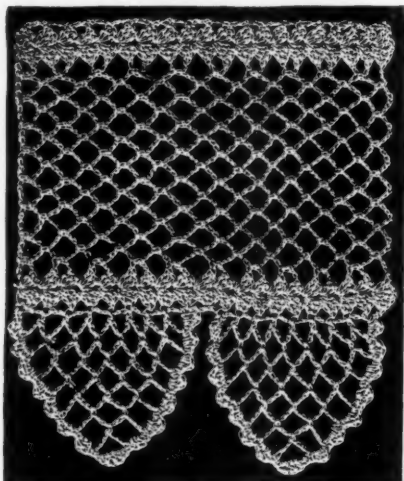


FIG. 11.

6th row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row; repeat twice, then 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

7th row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row, 3 chains, 1 treble crochet under last loop.

8th row—6 chains, 1 single crochet under 6 chains of previous row, fasten thread securely and break off.

To make the little shell edging around the scallop, fasten the thread at the base of the scallop and make 1 single crochet, 2 double crochets, and 1 single crochet under each loop along the edge until you get to the one on top; under this one make 2 single crochets, 2 double crochets and 2 single crochets, then continue to make the little shells turn from 1st row.

This pattern of lace will be found desirable for trimming a variety of garments, and would also be especially pretty to border the ends of a bureau

or buffet scarf. When used for either of these purposes it would look well made of coarse écreu linen thread with the shell border omitted and a deep fringe knotted into the edge of the scallop. A band of insertion, made by simply using the foundation of the lace without the scallops, set in about two inches above the lace, would make the scarf still more elaborate.

For dress trimmings and the edge of elegant table covers, use the new "whipcord" crochet silk. *N.E.F.*

* * *

LEAF CALENDAR.

A pretty design for an autumn-leaf calendar is illustrated at Fig. 13. It is so clearly shown that little explanation is necessary. Cut the leaf from amber celluloid and indicate the veinings and markings of an autumn leaf, painting in oils, using warm soft reds and yellows. The month, day and date ribbons of amber satin will look well figured in black and be more easily read. This will make a pretty little gift to a friend.

* * *

SQUARE-CROWN CAP.

Suitable for boy or girl. It is shown made of Germantown wool and is knit on medium-sized steel needles. Cast 2 stitches on to each of 4 needles, and knit in rounds, widening in each round once on each needle (to widen pick up a stitch between the first and second stitches of a needle in one round, and between the last 2 stitches in the next round). Work until the crown measures 5 5-8 inches from the center to the point, which will come between 2 needles, and measure along the line made by the widening stitches. There will now be 60 stitches on each needle, and these you narrow down thus: Knit across and purl back on each needle, knitting the first 2 stitches in one row and purling the first 2 in the next row; narrow in this way until there are 44 stitches on the needle, or until the piece measures about 2 inches from the

first narrowing; then in the next two rows knit or purl the first 2 and last 2 stitches together, and also near the center, narrow once at each side, leaving 2 stitches between the narrowings. Leave the stitches on the needle, break the wool and knit each of the other 3 sides in the same way. Now lay a damp cloth over the wrong side of the work and press nicely, being careful



FIG. 12.

to press so that the crown will be square; then sew up the bias edges and continue with the 4 needles to knit the band, which should measure about 21 1-2 inches and is knit in plain rounds. After the desired width of the band is knit cast off rather loosely, and make one row of single crochet around the edge, being careful not to work it too tightly. Baste the sides in proper position, and then press them and the band, remove the basting and the cap is complete.

* *

DECORATED WALL-POCKET.

Pretty wall-pockets are useful in many ways; they not only provide a

place for many trifles, but beautify the walls and give the maker an opportunity to display her handiwork. The illustration shows a pretty design for a pocket which is developed in blue and gold.

For the foundation a large Japanese fan is used. A piece of satin is cut large enough to cover the fan, and upon this is sketched and painted a spray of daisies.

The colors required for the design are chrome yellow, silver white, light red, burnt sienna, permanent blue, ivory black and umber. For the local tint of the daisy petals use silver white and the least trifle of permanent blue, and to define the overlapping petals and for the general shading use a little ivory black. Each petal must be neatly painted and the high lights put on after the flower has been finished with this exception, using silver white.

For the center of the daisy use burnt sienna, chrome yellow, silver white and permanent blue. Do not put the paint on smoothly as you do when imitating the petals, but use a brush full of paint and dot it on, which will give the center a slightly rough



FIG. 13.

appearance as seen in the natural flower. For the local tint use chrome yellow, then in the center shade with a trifle of green made by mixing chrome

yellow and permanent blue. The green should be of a light shade and dotted on. To produce the round effect shade the edge of the center with burnt sienna.

Paint the flowers neatly and then paint the stems and grasses, using chrome yellow, permanent blue, burnt sienna, light red and umber. Vary the tints of the grasses somewhat to avoid sameness, and put on the high lights with chrome yellow, permanent blue and white.

When both pieces are finished lay them away where they will be free from dust until the paint is perfectly dry; then cut a sheet of wadding just large enough to cover one side of the fan smoothly and over this tack on the decorated piece of satin, drawing it perfectly smooth. Line the pocket with gold-colored satin and shirr it at the top to correspond in size with the fan; next bind the entire edge of the fan with narrow gold-colored satin ribbon and then attach a large bow of

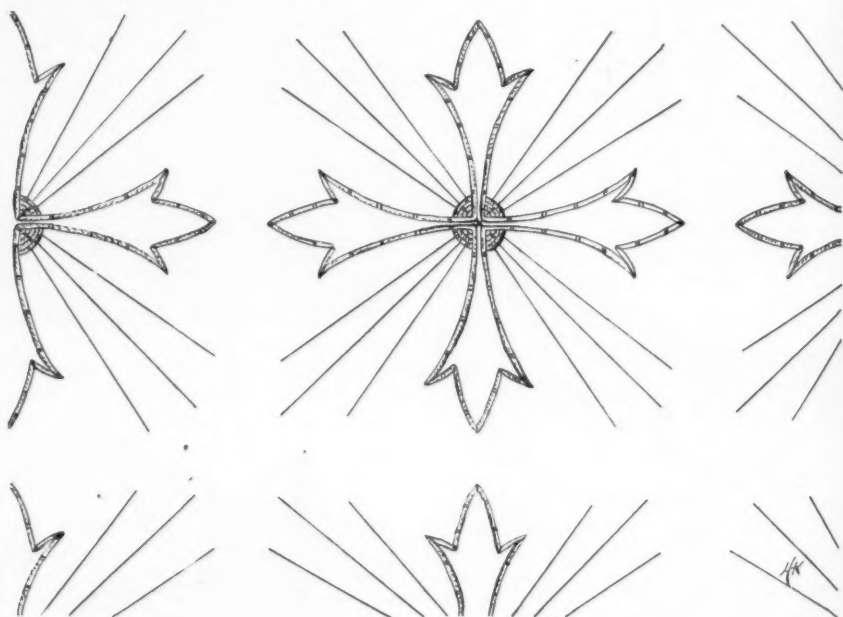


FIG. 14.

The daisy buds should be painted with the same colors that are used for the stems, shading them quite dark on the outer edges with burnt sienna to give them a round effect, dotting on the paint as directed for the centers.

For the pocket cut a piece of satin eight inches longer than the fan is wide, which will give sufficient fullness when the pocket is shirred, providing that the fan is ten inches in diameter. Sketch the design upon this piece and paint it as directed for the back of the pocket.

wide ribbon of the same color to the handle.

I think you will be pleased with the pocket and find it both useful and ornamental. If desired the daisies may be painted to represent "black-eyed Susans," and it would undoubtedly carry out the scheme of color more perfectly.

CUSHION COVER IN APPLIQUÉ.

Busy women who desire pretty embroidered cushion covers, but cannot

spare the requisite time for the doing of an elaborate piece of solid work, will, I am sure, be delighted with appliqué work, which, although it has been in vogue for years, has scarcely received the recognition its beauty deserves.

Nearly every one has a considerable number of scraps of fine velvet, silk, etc., which if the colors are at all good could be made to work up nicely for appliqué designs. The figures are always more or less embroidered, according to the use to which the article made is to be put or the material from which the work is cut; this latter point governs the stitching to a great extent. Thin, soft silks or fine, smooth cloth—such as broadcloth, for example—will bear a great deal of embroidery and be improved thereby, but if the work is cut from rich brocades, velvet crêpe or textiles of similar kinds, it will require only a simple outline finish.

Some of the finest work of this class which I have seen recently was worked on tinted "art linen" grounds, and the effect thus obtained is most pleasing.

The illustration at Fig. 14 pictures part of a handsome bold repeat design for appliqué work suitable for a variety of purposes, and by a clever needlewoman the color scheme can be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Used for a cushion cover it is exceedingly rich, and the following is a most desirable treatment:

Select a piece of dull Japanese blue linen, choosing velvet two shades darker for the figures.

Cut the linen the desired size and stretch in an embroidery frame, and after cutting out and basting the figures in position, outline the edges with couching silk.

The old method of working the edges of appliqué in buttonhole stitch is still in vogue, but very slow and tiresome, but by using Asiatic couching silk, which is made expressly for the purpose and is exquisitely lustrous and rich in color, the work can be rapidly executed. The couching silk used

should match the shade of the linen, and be couched down at regular intervals with lemon-yellow Asiatic outline silk. The beauty and brilliancy of the design are heightened by working the long "rays" with silver Japanese threads couched down with dull blue outline silk. Finish the edge of the cushion with a double ruffle of Japanese blue silk or a rope of velvet couched on with heavy stitches of Roman floss of the same color as the velvet. A combination of dull cream silk, pale sage-green embroidery silks and gold thread applied to a heavy cream linen ground is lovely, or shades of rich petunia and écru, or mahogany, old pink,



FIG. 15.

gold and écru. To buttonhole the edge of the work Roman floss will be found the most satisfactory silk to employ.

Marion Alcott Prentice.

* *

HANDKERCHIEF BAG.

Get a half-yard of robin's-egg bluesilk; a piece of narrow-striped bed-ticking six by twelve inches, the stripes running the long way. You want also five yards of gold braid the width of the blue stripe, a third of a yard of gold bullion fringe, three shades of green embroidery silk, two shades of red, two of pink, two of yellow and two of blue, one spool or skein of each

shade. Sew the gold braid over the blue stripes of the ticking, then work the white stripes in brier stitch with the embroidery* silk, alternating the shades. Make the silk into a bag, turning down three inches at the top for a hem and making a shirr for the draw-string. Put the decorated ticking on the middle, leaving about four and a half inches of silk at the top, thus forming a puff at the sides. Double the gold fringe to make it heavier

wide ribbons so as to make two lengths each of the two colors. Sew them together alternately and fringe each end to the depth of two inches. Fold together diagonally so as to make three sides; put inside a three-sided piece of cotton batting sprinkled with sachet powder. Sew the fringed sides together over the batting and fasten the narrow ribbon with a bow to each end of the diagonal side. This is to be hung to the back of a chair.



FIG. 16.

and sew it across the bottom. Put a draw-string of pale green ribbon through the shirr. This bag is lovely to hang up as a sachet bag. In the latter case some cotton batting sprinkled with sachet powder should be put in.

* *

CHAIR SACHET.

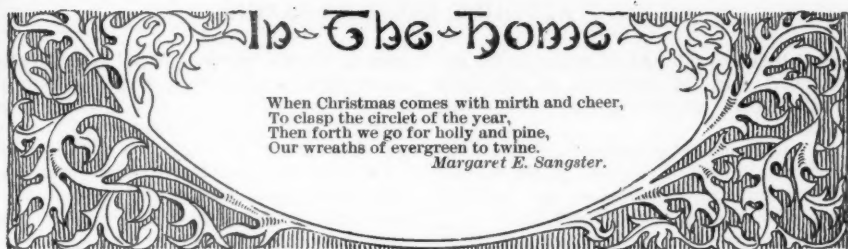
Make this of light blue and burnt-rose ribbon or of very light green and rose-pink. Use No. 12 in width and one and a quarter yards of each. Have also three-fourths of a yard of narrow ribbon of one of the shades. Cut the

VIOLET DESIGN FOR A DOILY OR A MAT.

This design is lovely for a tumbler or a plate doily for the table. It should be worked with white silk or with Japanese filo-floss in shades of violet-blue and green on a six-inch circle of fine white linen (it should be marked on a seven-inch square, of course, in the beginning).

Painted or worked with colored silks on satin or on bolting cloth over satin, with a circling border of gathered lace set beneath the embroidered points, it makes a charming mat for a small fancy lamp or a little flower jar or vase.

Fanny H. Perry.



When Christmas comes with mirth and cheer,
To clasp the circlet of the year,
Then forth we go for holly and pine,
Our wreaths of evergreen to twine.
Margaret E. Sangster.

CHRISTMAS MENU.

BY M. A. P.

Steamed oysters.	
Clear soup.	
Roast turkey, giblet sauce.	
Cranberry jelly.	
Baked sweet potatoes.	Celery.
Cauliflower, cream sauce.	
Scolloped tomatoes.	
Sirloin of beef.	Horseradish.
Roast duck, brown sauce.	
Grape jelly.	
Chicken salad.	Snowflake biscuit.
Olives.	Salted almonds.
Orange marmalade.	
Mince pie.	Coffee.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Choose a dozen large oranges with thick bright skins, as the skin forms the important part of the marmalade. Weigh the fruit and allow its exact weight in granulated sugar. Peel, scrape out the pith, cover the skins with water and boil in a preserving kettle until tender. Drain and cut into small pieces. Separate the orange pulp, rejecting all the white skin. Soak the seeds in a teacupful of warm water to extract the glutinous matter. Put sugar in preserving kettle, strain water off of seeds and add to it; when the sirup is hot, add the juice of two lemons and orange pulp and skins. Boil twenty minutes, put into jars and keep in a cool closet.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—One-half pint of best salad oil, two eggs (yolks only), one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper, one-half teaspoonful of English mustard, one small teaspoonful of sugar, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and strong vinegar to thin. Boil one egg until hard, cool and mash the yolk to a powder and add to the raw beaten yolk of the other, also the sugar, sauce, mustard, pepper and salt. Mix to a smooth paste, then stir in the oil slowly, adding a few drops of vinegar to thin; continue until all the oil is used. Place on ice for half an hour and serve with lettuce, lobster, chicken or salmon salad. To insure the successful compounding

of this dressing all the ingredients must be as cold as possible, as must also the bowl in which they are mixed.

SALTED ALMONDS.—Shell two pounds of Jordan almonds and blanch by dropping them into a bowl of boiling hot water; in a minute the brown skins will loosen, then skim out and remove the skins. Put the almonds into a sieve and shake before the fire until dry. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of gum arabic in two teaspoonfuls of warm water and pour into the bowl containing the almonds. Stir thoroughly until all the almonds are coated, then put them in a sieve, dust with fine table salt and set aside to dry.

THE CHRISTMAS VIANDS can be made infinitely more attractive if they are daintily garnished. Delicate slices of oranges and lemons dotted thickly over a bed of crisp parsley makes a tempting frame to a delicious mound of chicken salad or a platter of game. Parsley and olives improve a dish of simple mashed potatoes. Delicately blanched celery leaves interspersed with dice of stiff currant jelly make an attractive garniture for small broiled or roasted birds.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS RECOLLECTIONS.

BY GRAHAM ST. JOHN.

OF all the festivals of the year, there is none that exercises such a powerful and universal influence as that of Christmas; and those varied superstitions and joyous observances which once abounded throughout the world, are at no period of the year so thickly clustered as at this season of unrestrained festivity and extended celebration.

In every way and by many a tributary stream are the holy and beneficent sentiments which belong to this time increased and refreshed. Beautiful feelings, too apt to fade within the heart of man amid the chilling influences of worldly gain, creep out beneath the warmth of the season and hover round us, proclaiming us as joint participators in the treasures of uni-

versal brotherhood. At no season is the predominant spirit of selfishness so effectually rebuked; never are the circles of love so widely opened.

But there is another reason why we observe Christmas, and that is found in the exterior and natural aspects of the season. We have been watching the year through the period of its decline, we have been watching it at the dreary season of its old age, and now we stand on the brink of the upturned grave. We have seen the bright sunshine and the dark fanciful twilights of autumn, with their kindred associations and solemn inspirations, give place to the short days and gloomy evenings which usher in the winter.

Amid the comforts of the fireside and all its loved companionships and joyful inspirations, there is something in the sense of a triumph obtained over the inclemency of the weather. Nature, which at other times promotes the expansion of the feelings and contributes to the pleasure of man, seems here to have made her edict against their indulgence; and there is a kind of feeling of an inner world created—a tract of land, as it were, won by the affections from the bleak domain of desolation, a ray of light kindled by the heart in the bosom of sorrow, a pillar of fire kindled in the recesses of our soul.

Neither, amid all its dreary features, is the natural season without its own picturesque beauty or living loveliness; not only has it the peculiar beauties of old age, but it has besides lingering traces of that beauty which it had not been wholly able to extinguish. The white pall which the earth occasionally puts on with the rapidity of a spell, covering, in the course of a night and while we have slept, familiar forms, with a strangeness that makes us feel as if we had awakened in some new or fairy land; the fantastic forms assumed by the drifting snow; the wild albeit fanciful etching of the hoar-frost; the icicles that hang like glass from every projection and sparkle in the warm light of the sun like mystic jewels of the most brilliant hue; the leaf of the hawthorn fluttering on the solitary hill, all wrapped in the feathery substance, are among the features which exhibit in a marked degree the inexhaustible fertility of nature in the production of marvelous and striking effects.

But we must not omit mention of the evergreens, which with their rich and clustering berries adorn the winter season, offering a provision for the few birds that still remain: the mistletoe with its white berries, the holly with its scarlet berries and pointed leaves, the pine, the fur, the cedar and the cypress, are all so many pleasant memories of the past and so many types to man of that which is imperish-

able in his own nature. And it is perhaps because they are fancies of what the heart so much loves, and such types of what the heart so much desires, that they are collected about our doors and within our homes at this period of natural decay and religious regeneration, and mingle their picturesque forms and hopeful morals with all the joyful mysteries and happy celebrations of the season.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

BY ALICE H. KNAPP.

THE love for delicious bon-bons is universal, and so long as children will have candy, it is of interest to all thoughtful mothers to protect their little ones from harmful adulterations—which are too frequently offered in shops to tempt innocent buyers—and substitute instead wholesome confections compounded at home from pure ingredients.

The making of confectionery is a delightful pastime, with manifold benefits which will amply repay even a busy woman in the variety it will give to her every-day routine, and the dainty bon-bons which she will be enabled to give to her family and friends will be a source of pleasure to all. Any intelligent woman who can cook understandingly will find no more difficulty in compounding candies than in making any other fine dish, and after a little practice she will be able to make them quite as pleasing to the eye as they are agreeable to the palate.

The necessary utensils for home work are few, but must be absolutely clean and free from odors. A bright tin basin for boiling sirup will do, but a small granite saucepan with a lip to facilitate pouring out is preferable—one having a long handle is most convenient—as the pan can be more quickly removed from the stove, which is of great importance the instant the candy is done. Two new shallow tin pans about twelve inches square, two or three cups, some paraffine paper cut into neat squares, ready for use, and several clean bright spoons.

The use of coloring fluids greatly improves the appearance of confectionery, and the home worker will find the following old reliable formulas very desirable and harmless.

From the primary colors red, yellow and blue a vast number of delicate shades can be obtained. The formulas for red and yellow which are given I have used for years with perfect results, and as the fluid keeps indefinitely it is always at hand in excellent condition if rightly made.

RED.—Get your druggist to mix one-fourth ounce of powdered sal. tartar, one-half ounce of powdered cream tartar, one-fourth ounce powdered alum and one-fourth ounce powdered cochineal. After a few hours add six ounces of warm water and four ounces of alcohol. Let stand over night and filter for use. Keep in a tightly corked bottle. A few drops will tint candy a delicate rose, and blended with blue will make fine shades of purple.

YELLOW.—A lovely color is obtained by mixing one-half ounce of saffron and one ounce each of water and alcohol in a wide-mouthed bottle. Allow it to stand one week, then strain through a piece of fine white lawn and bottle for use. The tincture thus obtained is very strong, and only a very small quantity is necessary to impart a beautiful tint. Always avoid the use of too much color; it destroys the delicacy of the confection.

BLUE.—Coloring fluid is made by dissolving pure Prussian-blue powder in water, but there are so many adulterations on the market that it is wisest to have this fluid mixed by your own druggist, whom you know to be reliable. An ounce will be a sufficient quantity.

GREEN.—Blend a few drops of blue and yellow. A very little chocolate will impart rich coffee tints. The worker will soon discover the possibilities of her liquids, etc. Glucose sirup, which enters largely into the making of all candies, is not always to be had in small towns, so for the benefit of those who cannot get it readily I will give directions for using cream of tartar instead, which will prevent the sirup from "graining," although the candy thus made will not be quite so dry, but will be far richer than that in which glucose is used. Exactness in measurement is absolutely necessary to insure success.

VANILLA TAFFY.—One pound granulated sugar, one-third teaspoonful (scant) of cream tartar. When half-done add a tablespoonful of butter and boil until the candy snaps when dropped into cold water. Have ready a buttered pan and pour it out the instant it is done, and flavor by dropping extract of vanilla over it. As soon as cool enough to handle, pull until it is smooth and white. If desired, half of it may be tinted rose or yellow by adding a few drops of coloring fluid when you begin to work it, and by the time it is sufficiently pulled the color will be evenly distributed. If the worker is rapid, tiny little baskets, canes and twisted sticks can be made of one or more colored taffy by pulling it out in long ropes and then deftly shaping the objects.

MOLASSES TAFFY.—Boil together one-half pint of New Orleans molasses, one pound of

granulated sugar, one-half pint of water and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil until the sirup begins to harden, then add half a tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a very little warm water. When done flavor with one teaspoonful of extract of clove and pull until it is a brilliant gold. Form into broad sticks or with a pair of scissors cut into "kisses." Lay on an oiled slab or paraffine paper to cool.

The most delicious of this class of candy is

BUTTER-SCOTCH.—Mix one pound granulated sugar, one pint of New Orleans molasses, one teacupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Watch closely and stir often to prevent burning. Test frequently and when it snaps take from the fire, flavor and pour into shallow pans in a layer not over a third of an inch deep. When partly cool check off into small squares. When cold break apart and wrap each in paraffine paper. Keep in a dry place. This is a most excellent foundation for a variety of nut candies which are always liked.

NUT CANDIES.—Have four shallow pans nicely buttered, and in one put an even layer of hickory-nut meats free from shells, peanuts for the second, English walnuts for the third, and shaved or shredded cocoanut for the fourth. These should be prepared before beginning to boil the candy, and when it is done and flavored pour evenly over the nuts. When cold check off and wrap as above directed, or else keep in glass jars. By this method the worker can make a variety of nut candies quickly and most deliciously.

VANILLA CARAMELS.—One pound of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of glucose or one-fourth teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half cup boiling water. Stir and boil until candy will snap when tested, then add two even tablespoonfuls of butter and one-half pint of sweet cream. Boil again until the candy snaps. Flavor with two teaspoonfuls extract vanilla and pour into shallow buttered pans to cool. Check off and wrap as directed for butter-scotch.

NUT CARAMELS are made by adding chopped nuts to the plain caramel.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Proceed same as for vanilla caramels, adding one-fourth cake of Baker's chocolate when the cream and butter are stirred in.

FONDANT (which is the foundation of all cream or French candy) is made thus: Two pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of cold water, and one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar. Boil this mixture without stirring; after ten minutes' boiling test by taking a little into

a cold spoon, hold the bowl of the spoon on ice so it will cool quickly, stir the candy in the spoon, and if it forms a creamy little mass it is done and the candy should be cooled at once. When lukewarm stir with a spoon until the whole forms a smooth cream. Now keep the cream warm by setting the dish into a pan of warm water and proceed to flavor and tint. By having two or three clean cups at hand the cream can be divided and each cupful be tinted and flavored differently.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—With the hands shape small cones of white cream flavored with vanilla and lay on paper to harden for an hour or two, then dip into a coating of chocolate made thus: Melt one cake of chocolate in a pan set into another filled with hot water. Then add a lump of paraffine the size of a hickory nut and a lump of butter the same size. Flavor with vanilla. Dip the creams into the hot chocolate and set on paraffine paper to cool.

FRUIT LOAF.—Chop enough citron to fill a teacup; also the same quantity of raisins, figs and dates. Take a clean box about three inches wide, six long and three deep, and line with paraffine paper. In the bottom press smoothly a layer one-half inch thick of delicate rose-tinted fondant, then a layer of chopped citron, next a layer of white fondant flavored with vanilla, then chopped raisins and more tinted cream and fruit until the box is full. Set away for several hours, when it will have hardened enough to turn out of the box in a solid loaf and can be cut in delicate slices with a thin, sharp knife. This is a most delicious confection.

Supposing the worker has a fresh kettle of creamy fondant ready for use, divide it into four parts; color one a delicate rose and flavor with a few drops of rose-water; another, pale yellow, flavor with lemon; a third, pale green, flavor with almond; and the fourth, white, flavor with pineapple, or light purple, flavor with extract of raspberry. Make into small balls and press walnut meats, seeded raisins, or strips of fig on the sides. Dust with very fine granulated sugar.

By exercising a little ingenuity a great variety of dainty confections can be made from the recipes given.

A gown that has become sadly soiled, and yet is not of wash material, may be as well cleaned as if it had been put into the tub. This is done by using gasoline in bulk. It may be bought at any hardware shop where materials for different sorts of stoves are kept. Use plenty and wash the frock in a big pan without any ripping apart at all. It will come out spotless, not even requiring to be ironed.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

BY "AUNT JEMIMA."

AFTER the first snow flies one begins to think seriously of Christmas and the many gifts to be prepared, though there are often full hearts to prompt and very scanty pocket-books to supply means. I make a few suggestions that, though not the latest Paris fancies, are at least practical, and nearly always it is the gift that shows the maker's handiwork and is sent from a loving friend, rather than the expensive toy, that wins a warm welcome and is prized by the recipient.

Do you know what pretty little work-baskets, etc., can be made from the small grape-baskets? One I have is lined with dainty blue cheesecloth with pockets of the same gathered on; the outside and handle are covered smoothly with butcher's linen, with blue forget-me-nots scattered carelessly over it. Around the edge is a little double ruffle of the cheesecloth, and it is really a dainty affair. One of the larger baskets covered and lined with a pretty drab and crimson cretonne makes a very cozy receptacle for unneeded stockings, and of course has two pockets for holding cotton.

One of the small ones may even find itself an addition to the hall table as a card-receiver. It is lined and covered plainly with ordinary toweling, and over it is embroidered, in rich yellow, maple and oak leaves; over the handle is a little cluster of acorns. It is tied with one of the darkest shades of yellowish-brown ribbon, just one large bow on one side, and it is greatly admired. By the way, several ask me where I get my pretty designs of leaves and vines. I simply gather the natural leaves—the small ones are better and the most perfect I can find—and place them on my work, and with a sharpened blue pencil trace around the edge of the leaf. The smilax vine works beautifully into graceful patterns, and is just the thing for a rich design in white wash silk for flannel skirts or blankets for the wee one.

Then there are such fine possibilities in the large wooden pails in which wholesale dealers pack candy; tobacco pails are similar and as useful. Line and cover with either cretonne or the remains of an old sateen dress of a pretty brown and cream color; the cover is also lined and covered, and a bow of ribbon with a loop arranged to lift it by is attached. One would hardly suspect that all the shoes are inside of this soft window-seat, for of course the cover was very liberally stuffed before being covered.

I wonder if those who make the pretty toilet sets of linen embroidered know that the scraps of their white "duck" dresses make almost as

good material in nearly all kinds of fancy work, even to bureau scarfs, and wash very nicely.

Just here a few notes of warning are pat.

Don't give persons who have a large library a book unless you know they haven't it.

Don't give musicians pieces of music except something you have heard them express a desire for, or you know they would not be liable to have.

I believe our gifts to each other should be rather practical and always accompanied with love. Always let the package be neatly put up with plenty of tissue-paper and dainty baby-ribbon for garniture; it is cheap and pretty, and we can afford to have the first impression of the recipient one of pleasure and appreciation, even if the gift itself is of some value.

THE CARE OF AN INFANT, FROM A MOTHER'S STANDPOINT.

BY GERALDINE K. PENFIELD.

MANY theories have been advanced for the care of our little ones. Some of them are theory only, a few are practical. The surest and, I believe, safest advice can be obtained from the mothers of the present day. In "mothers of the present day" is not included the society woman, whose many social functions call her constantly from her babe's cradle, leaving the little helpless mortal to the care of a hireling. However good the nurse's care may be, it is not "mother's." The nurse naturally is ignorant of many of the seeming little symptoms which nevertheless require a cool, careful study to avoid more serious complications, and the information gained from such a source can be theoretical only.

Take, however, the mother who is always within call, always ready to give her personal attention to the little points concerning baby, never too tired or too busy to inquire the cause of any little restlessness, any seeming change in the baby's daily habit. However slight the cause may be, it needs a loving, tender care, an ever-watchful, anxious solicitude. Do not think that by tender care is meant a constant handling and never-ceasing rock, rock, rock to hush the baby's cry. On the contrary, too much of that kind of care often increases fretfulness and causes an irritable, peevish tyranny, which not only burdens the mother, but makes the infant's life miserable.

Baby is never too young to be trained to good habits, supposing of course the little one is in good health. Teach him to lie quietly in his

crib, to be handled only as he nurses or needs some special attention. It is well to begin taking him out for his daily airing as soon as the weather permits. Under three months of age the baby should always be carried in the arms. The jolting of the carriage over curbs and rough places is apt to hurt the small tender body and cause trouble that may not easily be overcome. As the little man grows older and his hours of sleep grow shorter, begin a regular time for everything and allow nothing to interfere with your daily duties when he is concerned.

A bath in a tub of water with a little salt if desired, the temperature at 92°, is a good beginning for the day. Bathe baby about eight or half-past eight, followed by a good but delicate rubbing of the spinal column, dress as quickly as possible, and follow by his regular nursing; lay him down in a darkened room, where he will be quiet, and let him take his morning sleep.

He may rebel at being left alone, but if he is well and has no attack of colic to fight, a little cry will do him no harm. When he wakes an hour or two later, take him for his outing if the weather is suitable, if not, teach him to lie and amuse himself until his dinner hour. An interval of three hours should elapse between his nursings. A second nap in the afternoon should be indulged in until the baby is a year old, or even later if he reaches his first birthday in hot weather. Six o'clock should see every little tot safely tucked away for the night. Do not rock baby to sleep—it only makes bad habits which takes years to overcome. See him comfortable and warm, then turn the heat off the room and open slightly a window for fresh air, turn down the light and leave him alone. Of course he will cry—he doesn't like the dark; but a little persistence and it will all be overcome, and baby will learn to expect a quiet dark room in which to sleep.

Never nurse oftener than once before morning, say at midnight, and again about five to six o'clock in the morning; after about ten months the midnight nursing may be dispensed with, and when the baby learns that he must go without until morning, he will do so quietly and will be all the better for it.

A little persistence will overcome all difficulties where habits are to be formed. Never allow twenty-four hours to pass without a movement of his bowels. Many a baby is a sufferer from carelessness in this line. An injection or a suppository, if given at the same hour each day, will soon form the habit of regular stools and will save the infant from many a fever, a good deal of crying and often from positive injury to health. Only a milk diet should be allowed for the first year. Do not burden and injure the little stomach with indigestible food.

Never nurse to quiet crying if the regular meal hour has not arrived; for if the stomach has no time to rest inflammation and indigestion will surely result and cause serious illness. All clothing must be suspended from the shoulders; for an infant the flannel skirt and dress are all that should be worn in the way of skirts; everything should be worn loose. The danger of rupture which so many mothers fear is only intensified, rather than remedied, by the tight band.

A band is not a necessary article of the infant's wardrobe after three months. A piece of flannel pinned to the undershirt in such a manner as to cover the abdomen is all that is required; warmth to those parts is desirable and necessary, but it need not encircle the entire body. A few easy rules to remember are: Plenty of fresh air; plenty of exercise (by being allowed to roll and sprawl on the floor); plenty and regular hours of sleep and milk; regularity of daily habits and a daily bath in the tub, followed by massage; always have the water at the same temperature, 92°. Social duties and personal pleasure should be subservient to baby's needs, and later on, when the healthy, vigorous constitution has been formed, baby will help us enjoy both social and home pleasures, and will amply repay us for any little sacrifice we think we have made for his sake.

FAVORS IN WHIST.

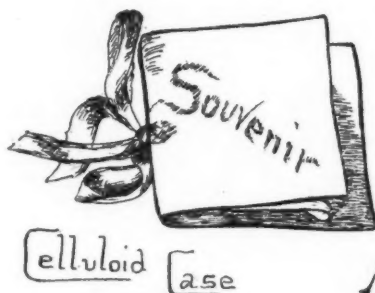
BY FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY.

AS this dissertation upon whist is not intended for masculine eyes—gentlemen, hands off! There is a lurking suspicion in the feminine mind that the men think they know all there is to know about this venerable and most fascinating of games. But we, thus rudely left out in the cold, fondly imagine that what we know about whist is also worth knowing; and that should we withdraw the shining of our knowledge from the neighborhood game, the whist club would become a dark and dismal place. It is, then, in order that our light may shine upon these benighted authorities that we endeavor to set before their brighter halves a few ideas upon the social part of whist, gotten together during three years' experience in entertaining the most delightfully social "whist" club in the world.

The first thought in order while planning the evening, both for fun and with little expense, is usually the favors, by which one's partner for the game is decided.

The little two-inch packs of cards make good favors, matching faces or number of spots. In the penny toys one may easily find variety

enough to supply a party of twenty-four, or six tables, without half looking. Of course in this case but twelve kinds are needed, as they must be supplied in pairs. The penny toy watch, tin whistle, chewing gum, rings, pins or wooden ware are all good. If one wishes to revel in riches the same goods in three, four or even five cent quality may be had.



A nickeled penny shining like silver (each tied with baby-ribbon) once deceived us into a belief that our hostess had plunged into reckless extravagance and given us each a new dime. When we came to "match dates," however, we learned our folly.

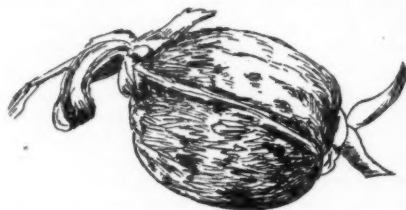
Being residents of the Land of Steady Habits, it was most appropriate that once we were served with nutmegs (not wooden), each pierced and beribboned. Here we matched the color of the ribbon.

A needle or court-plaster case made of celluloid is exceedingly pretty as a souvenir. The ribbons may match, or each case may be decorated with water-colors or gilt. The gentlemen's favor would be, of course, the court-plaster; the ladies', needles.

Sticks of candy matching the stripes or color or mixed candies matching the shape have been used.

Ribbons alone, simply matching color, are very common.

The "fagot" favor consists of the Jap tooth-picks, done up in little bundles, tied with scarlet

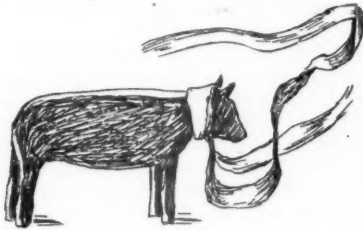


Walnut Favor



and yellow and matched by the number of fagots contained in each bundle.

Celluloid balls in different colors are very dainty, as is also the wooden Slojd work, white wood cut into various shapes, knives, forks, spoons and other ideas, decorated or not, as you please. Half of the school-children nowadays can do this work and do it well.



Noah Contributes.

Noah's menagerie, as contained in any ark, furnishes "pairs" of many kinds.

Fancy crackers have served their turn, with the candies mentioned above; and nuts have also been used. A very pretty idea in nuts was the careful splitting of English walnuts, removing the kernel and placing within a slip of paper containing half of a quotation, your partner to furnish the other half. These were tied with the usual baby-ribbon. Another idea was that of removing the nuts from the peanut shell, inserting beans of various colors and streaks, to be matched. These were each tied around with a ribbon, pink or white, and all buried deep in a dish of beans, the long end of the ribbon being left out. The ladies drew white, the men pink ribbons.

Matching uneven, torn or cut strips of cardboard causes considerable fun, especially if upon each has previously been written a quotation, to be patched together.

At one gathering these quotations were written upon visiting-cards, and each card was decorated with a hand-painted design illustrating the quotation. For example, the gentleman's card had this quotation: "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be!" with a row of cherubs seated on the lower edge of the card ecstatically admiring the sentiment in the clouds; while the lady's card contained the information that "When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he!" and all the little cherubs were kicking and flapping in fright and haste to leave the scene of the devil's backsliding. Other sentiments may be

found in abundance to make fun, such as, "Love is a comical thing and gives itself numerous airs," for the gentleman's card; while the lady's finishes the tale, "It makes a man whistle and sing when he ought to be saying his prayers;" or one may say that "Times ain't now like they used to was been," and his partner may add: "Folks don't do



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now like they used to did then." Sentimental rhymes are well enough to use, but the appropriate idea here is to have something to cause a laugh and start the evening happily. A cute design is an umbrella with two children under it very happy together, and the corresponding card showing a discarded umbrella and the children running away, with the motto in halos, "Hot love soon cools." "Not every couple make a pair" is good. Quotations by the dozen easily come when one sits down to hunt them up.

The use of the little bangles, which come in every conceivable shape, is well known; also the matching of cut flowers.

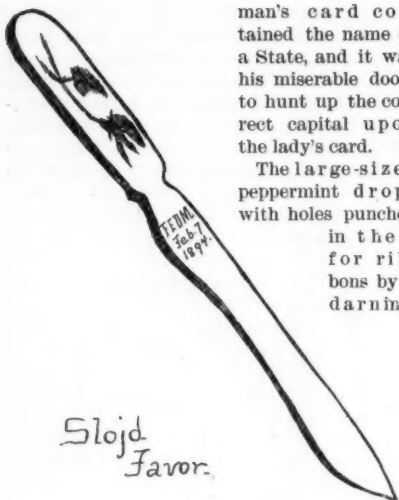
The Chinese laundryman contributed to our fun one evening by inscribing upon the center of a bit of cardboard as large as a sheet of note paper the Chinese numerals in solid blacks. It required a well-disciplined brain to decipher or match them.

Glass icicles stuck in a bowl of snow was a charming winter favor. Each was tied with ribbons to be matched. At a Washington Birthday whist pastebord "little hatchets" were used, with ribbons.

Candy mice, done up in colored papers and paper rosettes, went by colors. Jap fans, parasols, storks and the like pleased those of the ladies who delight in hoarding souvenirs.

The great variety of Christmas-tree ornaments makes them an easy favor to use. Stick-pins, at five cents each, are good, even if expensive.

The States and capitals gave quite a brisk rub to our geography one evening. The gentle-



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needle (you break many in doing it), and a design or sentiment marked on each, are very good. Or the ribbon may be omitted and the sentiment be depended upon to bring together those whom fate has decreed shall work in common during the evening.

One evening each member was given a round bon-bon pill-box filled with the little colored bon-bons, and the fun of passing them around and nibbling at them lasted the evening through. One gentleman in particular found that as he lost hand after hand these were a great bracer and comfort; and his "hold on a minute," while he took a pill or two, became the standing joke at whatever table he played. The boxes were of different colors and a celluloid heart, diamond, star, hammer and other designs were pasted upon them.

White-birch bark cut in different shapes, numbered with Japanese gold and tied with moss-green ribbon to match the moss on the bark, was unique and charming.

Original conundrums, each answer containing a pun upon the names of the club members, were a great hit.

The cap bon-bons, matching by the name upon the outside and wearing the caps through-out the evening, are good.

Clothes-pins tied with ribbons and gilded, celluloid paper cutters and envelope openers, small stamped envelopes in which the stamps are matched, have been used.

The fish-pond, with pairs of dolls, chickens, whistles, or other toys, creates a mild excitement.

In fact, the name of whist favors is legion,

man's card contained the name of a State, and it was his miserable doom to hunt up the correct capital upon the lady's card.

The large-sized peppermint drops with holes punched in them for ribbons by a darning-

and a bright hostess has to make but little effort in this line to get up some unique or amusing favor, in order to start her evening under most favorable circumstances, namely, a laugh.

A "wooden whist," with favors and prizes of this useful article, can be nicely carried out in the country, with acorns for tea-set favors (all country children know of this), birch-bark landscapes for prizes, and all else to correspond, as surrounding circumstances suggest. A shoe dealer's better half planned a delightful "shoe whist," with button-hooks, dolls' shoes, toy rubber boots, shoe-horns and the like.

Following her came a lady whose heart is supposed to be bound up in her pet chickens, and who said: "They have laughed at me so much they shall have more 'chicken whist' than they wot of." So she gave for favors tiny toy chickens in colored papers for prizes; a souvenir spoon and two eggs to use the spoon upon; two chickens mounted upon cardboard, filled with bon-bons; a full-sized Bantam rooster (gentleman's first) stuffed with candy; and the gentleman's second consisted of a live chicken partly through the shell, accompanied by a card advising the winner next time to peck a little harder. Chicken sandwiches, hard-boiled Bantams' eggs and custards were served with the refreshments.

Other "booby" prizes, given solely to create fun, have been such as follow: A live kitten; a package of chewing gum with the motto "You can chew gum;" a lemon pie with instructions to eat the same in the presence of the crowd; a painted and gilded lobster labeled "Chameleon" (for the "seaside whist," as before given); a silk flag (Washington's Birthday); a blank book entitled "What I Know About Whist;" a large tin "green-horn;" a box of mustard plasters; a bottle of pickles; a jar of "ketch-up;" a paper of needles with "no



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points" to them; a doll; a rattle-box; toy cart; wheelbarrow; picture books; grindstone; drum (to beat), and other toys supposed to intimate to the receiver the idea that "here is something you can do, even if you can't play whist."

A bottle of carefully prepared "whitewash" was secured by the host himself, to the intense delight of all who escaped. A photograph of three men, the town contribution to Coxey's army, was secured by one of the largest manufacturers of the place, who greatly enjoyed the advice under the picture, "Now try this!"

The first prizes were usually of some dainty or appropriate order, though occasionally the winners were considered to have glory enough in standing first and were given the "booby" prize, while the loser was elevated to glory by the unexpected gift of the first. The club rules demand that the prizes be limited in price and that refreshments be limited in kinds, thus bringing the cost of entertainment to such a standard that it can burden no one and be only a matter of pleasure to all.

And now, gentlemen (of course you have read this through if you were advised not to do so), we trust you at last know something new about whist. If not, at least we hope that the ladies of your club may get some new ideas from this by which you may be benefited.

THE OIL RUB.

BY S. H. R. J.

DO you know that the ancient Greeks owed much of their physical beauty, suppleness of limb and strength of constitution to the use of oil as a lotion?

Of late years the great value of the oil rub has been recognized by the medical fraternity. It is now used by them in the treatment of many diseases with the most satisfactory results. By its use infants if delicate are strengthened and nourished; in bowel trouble it assists in remedying the disorder, relieves pain and soothes the child; if oil is occasionally rubbed on the child's abdomen it will prevent the condition commonly known as "skin-bound."

Oil rubbed into the skin prevents its parching in fever and also strengthens and nourishes the patient, it being absorbed and acting as food.

When a cold is in the head, oil rubbed on the nose and forehead loosens the cold and freer breathing is the result. If the cold is on the lungs, oil rubbed on the chest soon relieves the suffocating feeling.

In consumption one of the most beneficial things that can be done is to rub the breast,

sides and back with oil. It helps the patient in two ways—loosens the cough and helps build up the waste tissues. Physicians say a consumptive's case is hopeful as long as he does not lose flesh; the oil helps keep up the flesh.

In pregnancy oil rubbed on the abdomen prevents its having that uncomfortable stretched feeling, as it will expand as needed. This use of oil also prevents the placenta or after-birth from growing fast to the mother.

Nothing equals in its efficacy an oil bath for the new-born babe. Its first bath consists of oil rubbed on the flesh and then wiped off with a soft cashmere cloth.

And finally the woman who wishes to keep her complexion fresh and face free from wrinkles, patiently rubs oil into her skin.

Almond oil is considered best for the face, cocoanut or olive oil for all other purposes, though if these two latter are not available lard will answer.

In using the oil rub, take but a small portion of oil and rub it thoroughly into the flesh.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY MARY H. HAYDEN.

IN a thriving seaside city the society people are given to entertainments during the winter which are unusually successful. There is the usual round of social games so popular during the winter months, of which whist—see article elsewhere in this Department, "Favors in Whist"—is a favorite. In devising novel and taking entertainments for the benefit of the poor or for other charitable purposes, the people of this town excel.

The members of a certain church seem to be particularly bright in evolving entertainments which are both popular and profitable. During the hard times of a year ago they furnished the public with a refined entertainment of music, literature, etc., to which the admission fee was "one potato." It was of course understood that those who attended might also bring other staple articles of food, but the admittance price of a potato must be paid. The result was several barrels of potatoes, flour, hams, etc., all of which was divided among the town's destitute population.

This same congregation recently gave a novel entertainment under the auspices of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. This was a "corn supper" and was a great success. A bill of fare which is given below was prepared, the various dishes of corn being donated by the members of the church. The idea was popular and the financial results very satis-

factory. As the plan is not copyrighted, it occurred to me that many readers of this magazine might utilize it this winter.

CORN SUPPER.

GRAND AVENUE HOTEL,

Wednesday Evening, —, 1894.

Under auspices Y. P. S. C. E.

— Church, —.

BILL OF FARE.

"He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."—Prov. xi, 26.

Corn on cob, 10 cents

"And all the countries came into Egypt to buy corn."—Gen. xli, 57.

Samp or mush with milk, 10 cents

"They did eat of the old corn of the land."—Josh. v, 11.

Corn bread, 5 cents

"Eat bread and let thine heart be merry."—I Kings xxi, 7.

Corn Johnny-cake, 5 cents

"David dealt to every one a cake of bread."—II Sam. vi, 19.

Corn gems, 10 cents

"Comfort thy heart with a morsel of bread."—Judges xix, 5.

Corned meats, 10 cents

"Ye shall buy meat of them."—Deut. ii, 6.

Corn in milk, 5 cents

"Corn maketh men cheerful."—Zach. ix, 17.

Corn baked Indian pudding, 10 cents

"Go ye, carry corn for the famine of your house."—Gen. xliii, 19.

Corn boiled pudding with cream or sauce, 15 cents

"Man doth not live by bread only."—Deut. viii, 3.

Corn starch pudding, 10 cents

"Give him the fruit of thy corn."—Deut. xviii, 4.

Corn starch blanc mange with cream, 10 cents

"Thou preparest thy corn."—Ps. lxxv, 9.

Corn starch pie, 5 cents

"Eat, O friends; eat abundantly."—Sol. v, 1.

Corn starch cake, 5 cents

"Baked it in pans and made cakes of it."—Numbers xi, 8.

Corn starch—Dandy Jack, 5 cents

"Eat and be satisfied."—Ps. xxii, 26.

Corn popped, 5 cents

"And he reached her parched corn and she did eat."—Ruth ii, 14.

Corn balls, 5 cents

"There shall be a handful of corn."—Ps. lxxii, 16.

Ice cream, 10 cents

"Honey and milk are under thy tongue."—Sol. iv, 11.

"Koffee," 5 cents

"Do not drink wine or strong drink lest ye die."—Lev. x, 9.

TABLES READY AT 5:30.

GIVE THE CHILDREN A PLAY-ROOM.

SOPHIA N. REDDIN JENKINS.

WE read of women's rights, children's rights, and now suppose we consider mother rights; that is, a right to health, or the right and duty to employ such means as will insure health.

Nothing is so wearing on the vitality, nerves and strength as the constant care and companionship of children—superintending their plays, answering their questions and hearing their ceaseless prattle.

Now, mothers, don't hold up your hands in horror and exclaim, "How can a mother weary of her precious little ones!" Nevertheless the assertion is true. The mother-love is inexhaustible—it does not weary, but the mental and physical nature gives way after a time.

Anything that is on a constant strain must occasionally relax or the consequences will be disastrous. This fact is both acknowledged and applied in the case of inanimate objects. When not in use, the machinist loosens the bands of his machinery, the violinist relaxes the strings of his violin and the archer unstrings his bow.

If this rest is needed for the best preservation of lifeless things, how much more is it needed for the fine, sensitive complex human organism.

Rest, relaxation and change must frequently be had or nature punishes the violation of her laws by sickness, nervous prostration or ill nature.

Man does not suffer from the need of rest and change as does woman, for his life is more varied than hers. He breathes the fresh air in going to and from business, views different scenes and comes in contact with other minds. With woman it is different: she is confined to the home, with but few things to change her course of thought. She is constantly giving out, with but little opportunity of replenishing her powers.

Often overworked, conscientious, Christian mothers, on finding themselves growing impatient, are worried, thinking that they are falling from grace, when the truth is the heart is not at fault at all; it is simply the rebelling of the poor tired nerves.

Dear mothers, halt and rest! You say: "I cannot, as I have the entire care of my children." For this very reason you need rest the more. And both for your own sake and that of your children it is your duty to take it. You have a right to enjoy life to its fullest extent, and this you cannot do with shattered health; neither can you be a bright, cheerful mother with your nerves unstrung.

But I know you will persist in suffering self-immolation unless you are convinced it is for your loved children's interests for you to do otherwise.

It has already been shown that you cannot be the best and most patient mother when body and soul are exhausted. Neither can your children develop into self-reliant persons if they sap all their enjoyment from you. They ought early to be given a chance to learn self-entertainment, self-reliance and self-help. Helpless, dependent children are apt to develop into dependent, forceless men and women—leeches upon society.

If a mother directs her children's play one part of the day they ought to be able to direct their own pleasures the remainder of the day.

A certain wise mother recognized the above fact and acted accordingly; she fitted up a room especially for her children's play-room. She put a screen around the stove and let the little ones furnish and arrange the room to suit their taste and fancy. Each day she kept the children with her until after the dinner work was finished, then the baby was prepared for his afternoon sleep, the other children, of seven, five and three years, were sent to the warm play-room, and the mother in her freedom drank in mental, physical and spiritual rest.

When evening came, as her powers were all refreshed she could welcome her husband home with a felt smile, and brighten the "children's evening hour" with cheerful song and story. Thus the entire family was benefited by the mother's rest.

HELP BEAUTIFY YOUR TOWN.

NINETY per cent. of the towns and villages of the United States are susceptible of vast improvements in their general appearance. In many cases it is not to be expected that residents individually will make these improvements at their own expense, but there are improvements which cost little besides time, and are of such a nature that every man, woman and child can assist in carrying out the needed reform.

Montclair is known far and wide as one of the most attractive "home" towns in the State of New Jersey. Many New York City business men make their homes in this town. The Women's Town Improvement Association was recently formed for the purpose of assisting in the general welfare of the town, and they have lately added a Children's Auxiliary Town Improvement Association which numbers about eight hundred children, pupils of the public schools. Each child has signed the following

pledge: "We, the undersigned, agree to work together to make Montclair a happier place in which to live, by trying to remove everything which would make it less healthful and less beautiful, and by adding anything we can which will make it more healthful and more beautiful."

Some time ago the W. T. I. A. purchased a large number of metal cans. They were painted a bright red and placed on the sidewalks of the principal streets, near the curb. On each was painted in plain letters a request that pieces of paper and rubbish be thrown into them instead of into the streets.

The cans were the means of collecting a large quantity of waste paper, but not all, and daily scraps of paper were seen blown hither and thither with each gust of wind.

Since the Children's Auxiliary was formed the principal thoroughfares have been devoid of what the W. T. I. A. has called rubbish. When a piece of paper is seen, two or three children start in close pursuit. After its capture it is put in the nearest can.

At the intersection of three of the prominent avenues the women went to the expense of sodding and making a handsome green where formerly there was a dusty place in summer and a mud-hole in winter. The children, in their haste to go from one street to another, did not hesitate to run across the triangle. Now the children in the neighborhood vie with one another in beautifying this bit of ground.

At the time the children received their little colored badges, they were given a lecture as to what was expected of them if they signed the pledge, and among other things were these: That they were not to make bonfires in the woods, in the fields or by the roadside; that they were not to take other people's fruit or pick other people's flowers; that they were not to run across corners where some one is trying to make grass grow; that they were to be kind to other children and to dumb animals, and that they were to remember to do unto others as they would be done by.

How long the children will stand by the pledge is an open question, but during the short time that they have been organized, Montclair plainly shows an improvement.

The above contains suggestions which might be utilized in every town in the land.

THE first theological seminary in this country to open its doors to women was the Meadville Theological School, which graduated two women in 1885.

RED denotes courage; blue, truth; white, purity; green, jealousy; yellow, inconstancy; black, mourning; brown, melancholy; gray, remembrance; violet, sympathy.



NEW BOOKS

All books mentioned in these columns may be obtained of booksellers, or the respective publishers will send them by mail postpaid to any post-office in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

ABOUT WOMEN: WHAT MEN HAVE SAID. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, \$1.00.

An attractive book and especially desirable for the reference library. It contains a selection from some famous author concerning women for each day of the year. The selections for each day in January are from Shakespeare; August selections from the writings of Victor Hugo; November, Lord Tennyson, and so on. The compiler has shown rare discernment in her choice of selections, for in each of them sparkles the best thought of the writer.

IN BIRD-LAND. By Leander S. Keyser. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

A treat for the lover of birds. While Mr. Keyser's work shows the keen observation of the skilled ornithologist, he has not absorbed the bird lover in the scientist, but tells his delightful tale of bird-life in an enthusiastic and pleasing manner which holds the attention of the reader. His story of bird courtship is fascinating. So valuable an addition to our bird-lore is worthy of an illustrated edition.

REMINISCENCES OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER. By George P. A. Healy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth and gold, \$1.50.

As a rule reminiscences of civil life are tiresome, but the famous portrait-painter tells the story of his life-work in a most charming manner. As the painter of the portraits of many famous men and women, including Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, Professor Audubon, General Sherman, the Queen of Roumania, Pope Pius IX, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Leon Gambetta and others, Mr. Healy has gathered a store of anecdote which he presents in a pleasing manner. The book is beautifully illustrated from plates reproduced from the original paintings.

AN ALTAR OF EARTH. By Thymol Monk. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, \$1.00.

Admirers of "queer" girls will enjoy this story of the peculiarities of a girl whose days on earth were numbered. The author's skill makes most interesting a character which under other conditions would be inane.

WOMAN IN EPIGRAM. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

An immense amount of research must have been necessary to gather these flashes of wit

and wisdom, cynicism and geniality from so many sources. The compiler has done his work well and has given us quite as much variety as we could wish for. The work is recommended to our readers as a bit of cyclopedia covering the best authorities on the subject, yet one as full of interest as a story. It deserves a place on every library shelf.

THE PRICE OF PEACE. By A. W. Ackerman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

In his preface the author has this to say. "History has one Elijah, but no Michaiiahs. The life of the one has been emphasized by many able writers, and has justly been considered the story of his time. This humble attempt to bring into prominence one of the great Gileadites's contemporaries is made with the conviction that lessons of value are taught by the lesser lights of every age, and that because the greater overshadow the lesser, these lessons are too often lost." The author has woven around the central subject a story as great and valuable in its way as "Ben Hur" and "The Throne of David." The plot is distinct from those in the books named and is well arranged, but there is the same deep, earnest religious undercurrent of thought and expression so forcible in the writings of Dr. Ingraham and General Wallace. The book should take its place in literature as an elevating, purpose-having powerful story.

TALES FROM THE ÆGEAN. By Demetrios Bikelas. Translated by Leonard Erkstein Opdycke. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

A volume of delightful short stories from which the translator has carefully expunged the idioms of the original language, so often the barrier to interest in translations. He has, however, retained their freshness and sparkle with all the original and often unique situations.

THE CHASE OF SAINT CASTIN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, \$1.25.

A volume of well-written and interesting short stories dealing mainly with French-Canadian life in the early part of the century. The author has skillfully woven into her tale the peculiar customs, characteristics and superstitions of the people of whom she writes. The work is very readable.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILLIP STRONG. By Charles M. Sheldon. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

A well-written and powerful story of a young minister who fought, almost unaided, the evils of his city. It is commended to the attention of church members and reformers.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, \$1.50.

One of the most delightful books of the year. It deals with the history of two children of the slums who started out to find a home in the country. Timothy, the hero, a lad of seven, is in charge of "his baby," as he calls little Gay. They select an attractive-looking place occupied by two maiden ladies and in their innocence ask to be adopted. The delineation of

the several characters is remarkably well drawn, and the book is full of interest to older readers as well as to younger folk. Attractively and uniquely illustrated with drawings by Oliver Herford.

WHEN LIFE IS YOUNG. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York: The Century Company. Richly illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.

Many of the poems and rhymes brought together in this book originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, of which Mrs. Dodge has been editor-in-chief since the first issue of that publication twenty years ago. Quite a number of the charming verses are now given to the public for the first time. This pleasing book will be heartily welcomed by young folks.

TOINETTE'S PHILIP. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. New York: The Century Company. Cloth, \$1.50.

The original publication of this story, like "Lady Jane," by the same author, originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*. The book is written in the author's happiest vein, and is beautifully illustrated by the *St. Nicholas*' favorite artist, Reginald Birch. Our boys and girls will welcome this addition to their literature. Parents will find it a gift book which will be appreciated by their children.

ARTFUL ANTICKS. By Oliver Herford. New York: The Century Company. Cloth, \$1.00.

A collection of humorous verses by the popular writer and artist. Readers of *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's Young People* and other juvenile publications who are familiar with Mr. Herford's work will be delighted with this book. While it is designed to amuse and instruct our young people, grown-up folks will find much in it of interest.

WIMPLES AND CRISPING PINS. Studies in the coiffure and ornaments of women. By Theodore Child. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, uncut edges, gilt top.

Women will enjoy this book, for in it the author treats of every style of adornment for the hair and every style of dressing the hair known to ancient and modern society. From the book women may learn much of the origin of the many styles, good, bad and indifferent, and doubtless obtain hints which will be of value to them in their toilet.

MISS HURD: AN ENIGMA. By Anna Katherine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, \$1.00.

One of this popular author's powerfully written tales of mystery. The book shows the same broad treatment which has done so

much toward making popular her other writings, but its style is better and less "mannish" than her other works.

MICAH CLARKE. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, \$1.75.

An historical novel dealing with the rebellion under Lord Monmouth. With his usual facility Dr. Doyle has carefully and accurately treated each event of historic significance, yet the interest of the reader in the story is not allowed to lag. The book is carefully and ably illustrated by George Willis Bardwell.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE GOD IN THE CAR. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

A late issue of the popular "Town and Country" Library, in which are found many of the best novels of the year.

THREE BOYS ON AN ELECTRICAL BOAT. By John Trowbridge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

An interesting story of the adventures of three boys which reads like one of Jules Verne's tales.

FOUND AND LOST. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Flexible cloth, 50 cents.

The second volume of "The Autonym Library," designated by the publisher as consisting of "small works by representative writers whose contributions will bear their signatures."

THINGS OF THE MIND. By Bishop Spalding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

Uniform with the author's "Education and the Higher Life." An earnest plea for a higher and broader education in things worldly and spiritual.

THE POWER OF AN ENDLESS LIFE. By Rev. Thos. C. Hall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

WANTED A COPYIST. By W. H. Brearley. New York: Cassell Publishing Company. Flexible cloth, 50 cents.

A late issue of the "Unknown Library."

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR. By W. J. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 25 cents.

SAINT AND SINNER. By Fanny May. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Paper, 50 cents.

A MORAL BUSY-BODY. By Allan Dale. New York: The Mascot Publishing Company. Paper, 50 cents.



SEND your full name and address to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, and get, *free of all cost*, a coupon worth several dollars if used by you to its full advantage. Don't delay. This is worthy attention.

SPECIAL RATE.—Our readers should remember that we have a special rate (see page 2 of this issue) for those who desire to send in their subscriptions to this publication together. The rate is low, and by getting several of your friends to send with you each may save something.

A VALUABLE ADDITION to the culinary list is Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, an absolutely pure, unsweetened condensed milk so carefully prepared that it keeps indefinitely and is always available for every recipe calling for milk or cream.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE.—We are also publishers of *The Peterson Magazine* of illustrated literature, which has created such a sensation lately in the rank of magazine publishing. It is entirely different in character from this publication, and is to-day acknowledged to be the foremost of literary publications at the price. The regular subscription price is \$1.00 per year. We will send *The Peterson Magazine* and *ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE* both one year to the same or separate addresses for \$1.75 and include the Christmas issue of *The Peterson*. The order with remittance must reach us by January 1st.

JAPANESE NUMBER.—The January issue of this publication will be largely devoted to interesting matter concerning the Japanese. This people at present has the attention of the world in its battle with China, and in its victories

has shown the power of civilization over mere barbarian numerical strength backed by crude and uncivilized methods. The Japanese are said to be Asiatic "Yankees," meaning that they have the progressiveness, the shrewdness and the ability which characterize Americans, hence anything concerning them is of interest to us as Americans.

The leading article is entitled "Life and Surroundings of the Women of Japan," by Margaret T. Georgeson, who as the wife of Prof. C. C. Georgeson, an instructor at the Imperial College at Tokio, spent several years in Japan and was in a position to become familiar with Japanese women. The article will be copiously illustrated from sketch and photograph.

"Candy-Making in Japan" deals with the peculiar religious or social peculiarities attending the making and using of candy by the people of the Orient. This paper is illustrated from drawings by the authors.

Other special Japanese matter is in preparation, and altogether the issue promises to be one of the best ever sent out.

The usual departments and features will be given the same care as heretofore.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?—It is with great pleasure we hand our readers this Christmas issue of *ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE*, believing they will agree with us that it is the most attractive number of the magazine ever sent out. We promised our readers gradual improvement and are giving more than we promised. We want the assistance and encouragement of our readers, for with it still greater improvements become a surety. How can you give it? Simply by renewing your own subscription promptly and sending with it the subscription of *one* friend. This is an easy thing for you to do, and it will encourage us in our efforts to please, besides giving your friend an opportunity to receive regularly a magazine which she cannot but enjoy. Will you do it?



CHRISTMAS

is a joyous season, but the tendency to over-indulge in rich cakes, pies, puddings, candies, etc., weakens the stomach, and brings pain and misery to many in the form of indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, and other ailments of a more or less serious character. To strengthen the stomach and increase digestion, take **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**. It cures dyspepsia, debility, nervousness, and insomnia. It is also the specific for scrofula and eruptive disorders. It is the best remedy for rheumatism, and the most potent restorative after any wasting sickness.

Ayer's ^{The Only} **Sarsaparilla**
Admitted at
THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

In use for fifty years, is still the most popular and successful of all pulmonary medicines. Taken in the early stages of consumption, it checks further progress of disease, and even at a later period, it eases the distressing cough, and enables the patient to procure much-needed rest. In emergencies arising from croup, pneumonia, bronchitis, sore throat, and whooping cough it proves a veritable household blessing, affording prompt relief, followed by a certain cure.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

The Only Cough-Cure

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



A HEAD GARDENER.

"That is a very fine place of yours down the avenue. You have a head gardener, I suppose?"

"No, but I have a barber come to the house every morning."

THE POETRY OF IT.

She—I'd rather be a poet than anything in the world.

The Poet—You might be the next thing to one.

She—Oh, tell me how.

The Poet—By becoming Mrs. Poet. (He got her.)

MATCHMAKING FRENCHWOMEN.

It is amusing to see how thoroughly a Frenchwoman is a natural matchmaker, and how she supposes that the search for a *bon parti* must be ever uppermost in the mind of a properly regulated young woman. At a dinner in Paris given by a hostess noted for tact and elaborate entertainments, the pretty woman, convoying a tall youth, fluttered up to an American girl, saying, "Allow me to present Monsieur N., Miss X.; he is to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner"—adding in a quick little "aside" behind her fan—"He is worth 10,000,000 francs, my dear." At the table Miss X. discovered her escort to be uninteresting, while her other neighbor, Monsieur T., proved to be most amusing, though a middle-aged, plain little man. To him she devoted herself throughout the dinner, continuing the conversation afterward in the drawing-room, where the neglected Cræsus promptly deserted her.

A short time after, when making her dinner call, the American girl remarked to her hostess that she had found Monsieur T. such a clever man.

"Oh, yes, quite a clever little man. But what did you think of Monsieur N.?" inquired madame.

"He was rather young, and there didn't seem to be anything particularly interesting about him," replied Miss X., hoping to excuse her evident neglect of her escort at the dinner.

"Ah," exclaimed the hostess, "I felt sure when I saw how little he interested you that you did not hear me tell you that he was worth 10,000,000 francs."

GETTING A LUNCH.

A sad-looking gentleman, like a sort of very-much-retired Hamlet, with a painful expression of face, entered the coffee-room of a country hotel the other day, holding in his hand a small canister.

"Look at this, gentlemen," he said, sorrowfully. "I went into a gunsmith's shop to get something to eat, and the man handed me this can of powder. He said I could go and blow myself up; professional actors were not wanted now, there's so many fine amateurs. I pledge you my word," said the tramp, holding the can within an inch of the grate in which a fire was burning, "I'm so miserable I've a mind to follow his advice."

"Dare you do it?" said a bystander, winking at the crowd.

The wretched party gave a sad, theatrical, lingering look and tossed the can into the fire.

The company yelled and rushed out of the place in all directions.

When they filed in about ten minutes later, the empty can was sitting harmlessly on the fire. Not so the glasses. Four were empty and several luncheon plates also.

Hamlet was gone.

Your Lucky Jewel.

If one wishes good luck to follow her through life it is said she must wear the stone belonging to the month in which she was born.

January.
By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

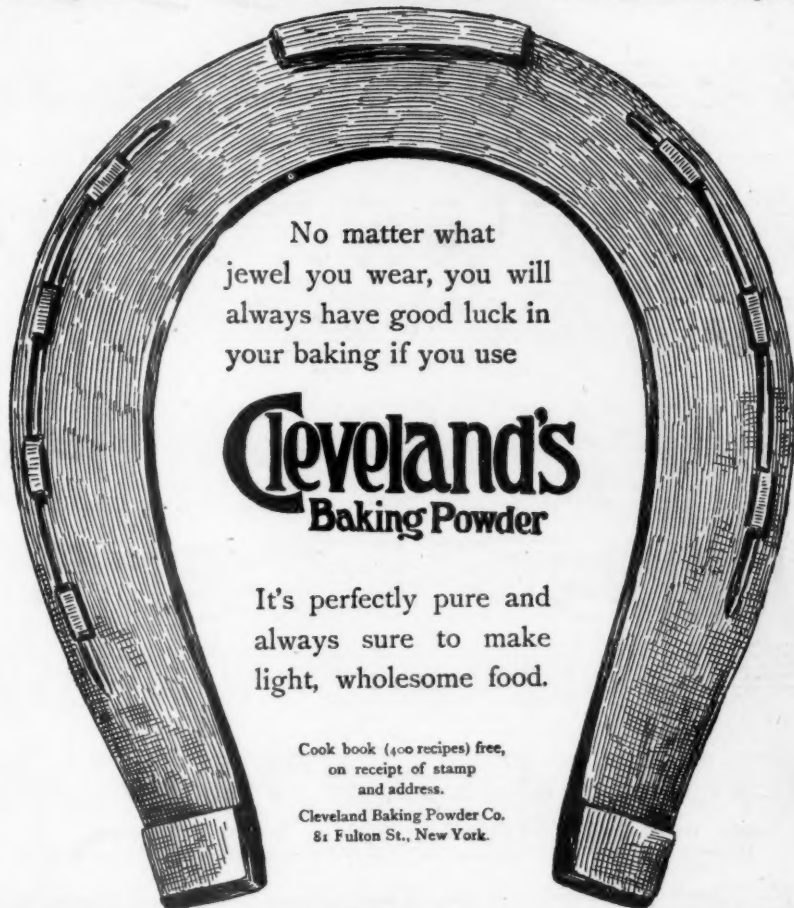
February.
The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

March.
Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

April.
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May.
Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet, flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.
Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.



July.
The glowing Ruby should adorn.
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.
Wear a Sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August-born without this stone,
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

September.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze
A Sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November.
Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December.
If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue:
Success will bless whate'er you do.

THAN THINE.

BALLAD.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Music by SEPTIMUS WINNER.

Moderato.

1. Than thine, no fair-er face I see,..... Than thine, no sweeter voice I know,..... Than
2. Than thine, no fonder hand I press,..... Than thine, no fa-vor seems as dear,..... Than

thine, no fonder heart to me, Why should I fail to tell thee so?..... I
thine, no form could I ca-ress,..... With such a sense of ho-ly cheer!..... The

seek the woodland and the grove,..... To hear the birds in all their glee..... I
man - y sea-sons come and go,..... With chan - ges that we need not name..... Oh,

Copyright, 1893, by Sep. Winner.

THAN THINE.

search for all things that I love,..... Yet I would rather meet with thee,..... I
what a joy were it to know,..... That we may ev-er be the same,..... Oh,

rit. marcato.

REFRAIN.

search for all things that I love,..... But I would rather meet with thee..... Than
what a joy were it to know,..... That we may ev-er be the same.....

thine, Than thine, No fon - der heart I know..... On

me, On me, On me, thy hand be - stow.....



IS UNRIVALLED IN
THE SICK-ROOM
 THE SAFEST FOOD FOR
INVALIDS
 AND CONVALESCENTS.
 FOR NURSING MOTHERS,
 INFANTS AND
CHILDREN
 FOR DYSPHEPTIC, DELICATE INFIRM AND
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BISBEE & WHITCOMB.

142 SOUTH 6TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Recipes for February.

Pompton Puffs.—By *Marion Harland*. 3 cups of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, 1 heaping teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Doughnuts.—By *Mrs. Emma P. Ewing*. Sift together 3 cups of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of granulated sugar and 3 teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder. Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ a cupful of sweet milk and a tablespoonful of melted butter over a well-beaten egg. Mix these ingredients into a very smooth dough. Roll out, cut into any form desired, and fry in boiling cottolene or lard.

A Bright Galaxy of Stars in the Domestic Firmament Shines Approval on Cleveland's Baking Powder



MARION HARLAND, *Author of "Common Sense in the Household."*
 MRS. CARRIE M. DEARBORN, *Late Principal of Boston Cooking School.*
 MRS. S. T. RORER, *Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School.*
 MRS. D. A. LINCOLN, *Author Boston Cook Book.*
 MRS. EMMA P. EWING, *Principal Chautauqua Cooking School.*
 MISS CORNELIA CAMPBELL BEDFORD, *Supt. New York Cooking School.*
 MRS. ELIZA R. PARKER, *Author of "Economical Housekeeping."*
 and all leading teachers of cookery and writers on Domestic Science use Cleveland's baking powder in their work.

Pot Pie Dumplings.—By *Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn*.

Mix and sift together 1 pint pastry flour, 1 heaping tea sp. Cleveland's Baking Powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tea sp. salt. Beat 1 egg until thick and light, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, stir this into the dry mixture, and enough more water to make a dough stiff enough to hold its shape when dropped from the spoon.

Drop the dumplings on a plate a little distance apart and cook in a closely covered steamer for fifteen minutes; or, drop them on top of the boiling stew and cook for the same length of time. The secret of having them light and tender lies in their not being disturbed while cooking, and in not having much liquid around them, if cooked on top of the stew. (Copyright, 1891.)

Waffles.—By *Mrs. Lincoln*.

Stir 1 tea sp. Cleveland's baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ tea sp. salt into 1 pint sifted flour. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs light, add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk; stir this into the flour mixture. Then add 1 rounding table sp. butter, melted, and lastly the whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff. Give the batter a vigorous beating before filling the waffle iron. Have the iron hot, and grease both griddles with a small piece of butter twisted in a bit of clean cloth. Pour the mixture into the centre of the griddle over the fire, letting it come nearly to the edge. Drop the cover over the waffle, cook one or two minutes, then invert the iron and cook a little longer on the other side. Beat the batter and grease the iron for every waffle. Serve with butter and maple syrup or sugar. (Copyright.)

Our Cook Book Contains
400 Recipes
 Free Send stamp and address
 Cleveland Baking Powder Co.
 81 Fulton St., New York

I LOVE THEE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

HOPE TEMPLE.

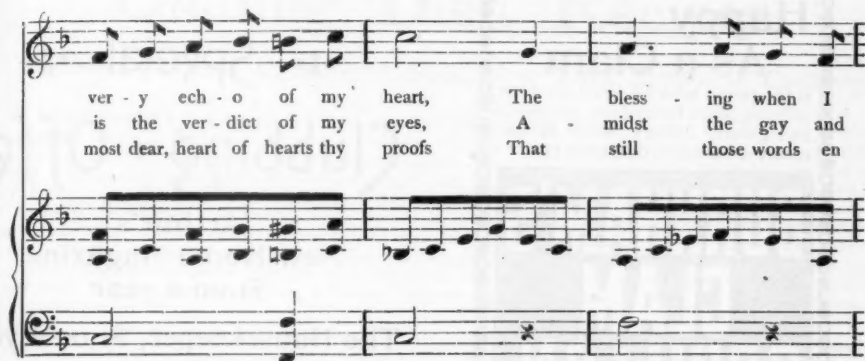
Moderato.

1. I love thee, I
2. I love thee, I
3. I love thee, I

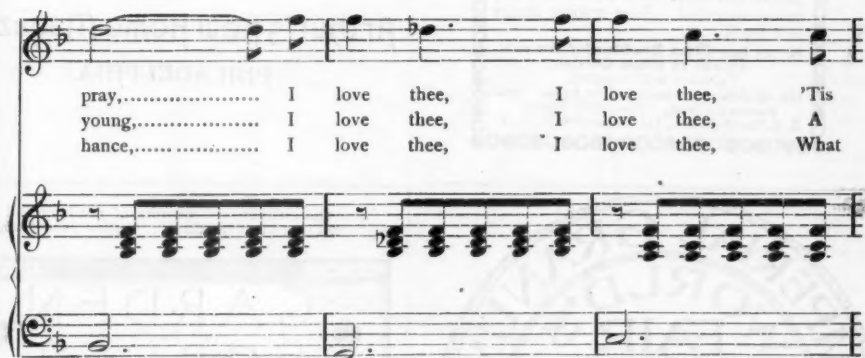
love thee, 'Tis all that I can say! It is my vis-ion
love thee, Is ev-er on my tongue In all my proudest
love thee, Thy bright and ha-zel glance, The mel-low lute up-

in the night, My dream-ing in the day, The
po-e-try That cho-rus still is sung, It
on those lips Whose ten-der tones en-trance, But

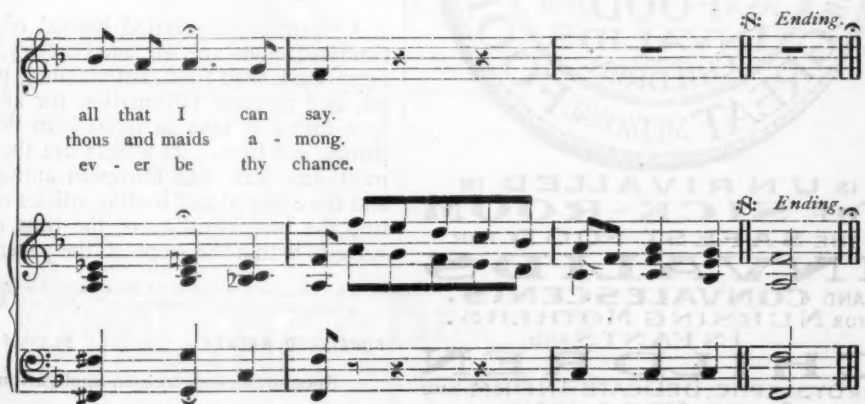
I LOVE THEE.



ver - y ech - o of my heart, The bless - ing when I
is the ver - dict of my eyes, A - midst the gay and
most dear, heart of hearts thy proofs That still those words en



pray,..... I love thee, I love thee, 'Tis
young,..... I love thee, I love thee, A
hance,..... I love thee, I love thee, What



all that I can say.
thous and maids a - mong.
ev - er be thy chance.

Ending.

Happy As a Clam

is the person who for years has been suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia and general debility, when he discovers the curative properties of

BURNHAM'S CLAM BOUILLON.

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Garden and Forest Publishing Co. Tribune Building,
NEW YORK.

Chafing Dish Recipes.

By Miss Cornelia C. Bedford, Supt. New York School of Cookery.

"Sweetbreads à la Careme."—Drop a pair of sweetbreads in cold water and let stand two hours, changing the water as it becomes discolored. Drain, put in a sauce pan with one half of a bay leaf, one small blade of mace, one sprig of parsley and one half teaspoon salt. Cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes. Drain, lay in a bowl of ice water till cold. Wipe the sweetbreads on a dry towel and with a silver knife trim off the pipes and membrane, then cut in pieces one inch square and one half inch thick. Cut three large truffles and twelve fresh mushrooms in similar shaped pieces. On bird skewers put alternate slices of sweetbread, truffle and mushroom. Chop all the trimmings very fine and put them with one tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish. Cook three minutes, dredge in one heaping tablespoon of flour, when brown add three quarters of a cup of brown stock; when smooth add one quarter of a cup of port wine, ten drops of onion juice, a dash of cayenne and salt to taste. Add the filled skewers, cover and simmer ten minutes.

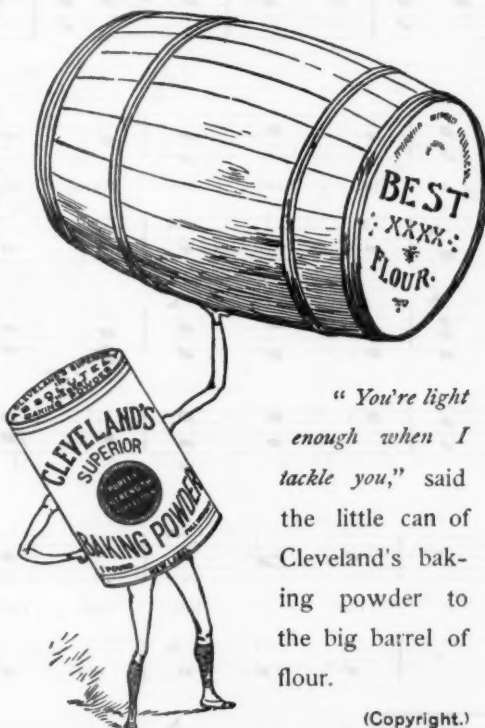
"Oysters Maitre d'Hotel."—Rinse and thoroughly drain two dozen oysters. Put with one tablespoon of butter in the chafing dish. Stir carefully and when the edges begin to ruffle add the juice of one half lemon, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and paprika and serve on squares of toast.

"Chickens' Livers with Madeira."—Wash and dry six chickens' livers. Cut each in four pieces and put in the chafing dish with one tablespoonful of butter. Cook three minutes, add three quarters of a cup of Spanish sauce, salt and pepper to taste, simmer ten minutes longer, add four tablespoonfuls Madeira and serve at once.

"Spanish Sauce." (Should be prepared in advance. —Put three tablespoonfuls chopped raw ham in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook slowly till the butter is very brown. Add one tablespoonful of flour and brown again. Add one half pint very strong consomme, and stir till it thickens and boils, then add one teaspoonful of Worcester-shire, one teaspoonful of mushroom catsup and seasoning to taste. Strain and add one tablespoonful of sherry.

"Eggs à la Caracas."—Free two ounces of smoked beef from fat and rind and chop very fine. Add one cupful of canned tomatoes (use as little liquid as possible), ten drops of onion juice, one quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika (or a dash of cayenne), a dash of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and one tablespoonful of butter. Put in the chafing dish and when smoking hot add three eggs well beaten. Put the hot water pan underneath and stir till the consistence of scrambled eggs. Serve on heated plates, adding to each portion two slices of hard boiled egg dipped in thin mayonnaise.

Cleveland's is
the strongest
of all pure
cream of tartar
baking
powders,
yet its great
merit is
not its
strength, but
the fact
that it is
pure,
wholesome
and
sure.



"You're light
enough when I
tackle you," said
the little can of
Cleveland's bak-
ing powder to
the big barrel of
flour.

(Copyright.)

Cleveland's Baking Powder

"Pure" and "Sure."

Our Cook Book Contains
400 Recipes
Free Send stamp and
address
Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York

THE BURIAL OF THE LINNET.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

Words by J. H. EWING.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Andantino.

Soprano.

Alto.

Piano.

I. Found in the gar - den, — dead in his beau - ty,

Ah! that a lin - net should die in the

Spring! Bur - y him, com - rades, in

THE BURIAL OF THE LINNET.



2.

Bury him kindly—up in the corner;
Bird, beast, and gold-fish are sepulchred there.
Bid the black kitten march as chief mourner,
Waving her tail like a plume in the air.

3.

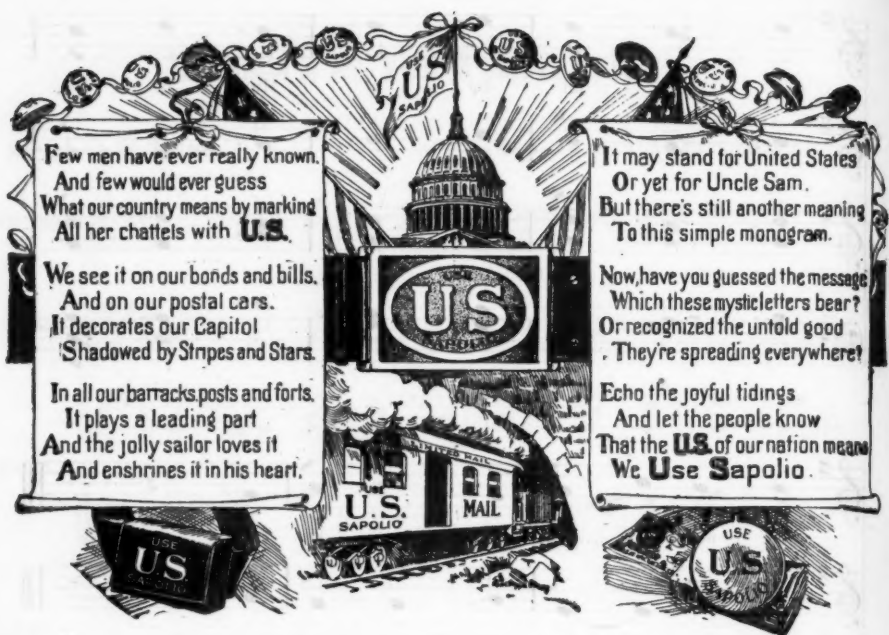
Bury him nobly—next to the donkey;
Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
Bury him deeply—think of the monkey:
Shallow his grave, and the dogs got him out.

4.

Bury him softly—white wool around him,
Kiss his poor feathers—the first kiss and last;
Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him;
Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

5.

Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
Silent through Summer, though other birds sing
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner-bell, mournfully ring.



Few men have ever really known.
And few would ever guess
What our country means by marking
All her chattels with **U.S.**

We see it on our bonds and bills.
And on our postal cars.
It decorates our Capitol
Shadowed by Stripes and Stars.

In all our barracks posts and forts.
It plays a leading part
And the jolly sailor loves it
And enshrines it in his heart.

It may stand for United States
Or yet for Uncle Sam.
But there's still another meaning
To this simple monogram.

Now, have you guessed the message
Which these mystic letters bear?
Or recognized the untold good
They're spreading everywhere?

Echo the joyful tidings
And let the people know
That the **U.S.** of our nation means
We **Use Sapolio**.



IS **UNRIVALLED** IN
THE SICK-ROOM
THE **SAFEST FOOD** FOR
INVALIDS
AND **CONVALESCENTS.**
FOR **NURSING MOTHERS,**
INFANTS AND
CHILDREN
FOR **DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE INFIRM AND**
AGED PERSONS.

Sold by DRUGGISTS • SHIPING DEPOT • JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

Lovely Complexion.



Pure, Soft, White Skin.

Have you freckles, moth, black-heads, blotches, ugly or muddy skin, eczema, tetter, or any other cutaneous blemish? Do you want a quick, permanent and absolutely infallible cure, **FREE OF COST** to introduce it? Something new, pure, mild and so harmless a child can use or drink it with perfect safety. If so, send your Post-office address to

MISS MAGGIE E. MILETT,

134 Vine Street,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Kitchen Time Table.

Giving time required for cooking Meats, Vegetables, etc.

Prepared for the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., by Mrs. Lincoln, author of the Boston Cook Book.

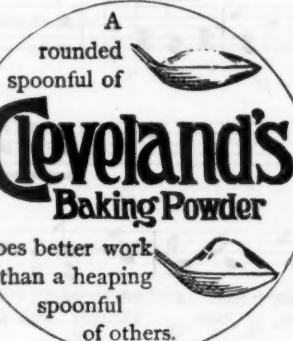
Time required for

BAKING

Beans, 8 to 10 hours.
Beef, sirloin, rare, per lb., 8 to 10 min.
" sirloin, well done, per lb., 12 to 15 min.
" rolled rib or rump, per lb., 12 to 15 min.
" long or short fillet, 20 to 30 min.
Bread, brick loaf, 40 to 60 min.
Biscuit, 10 to 20 min.
Cake, plain, 20 to 40 min.
" sponge, 45 to 60 min.
Chickens, 3 to 4 lbs. weight, 1 to 1½ hrs.
Cookies, 10 to 15 min.
Custards, 15 to 20 min.
Duck, tame, 40 to 60 min.
Fish, 6 to 8 lbs., 1 hour.
Gingerbread, 20 to 30 min.
Graham Gems, 30 min.
Halibut, 4 to 6 lbs., 1 hour.
Lamb, well done, per lb., 15 min.
Meat, braised, 3 to 4 hours.
Mutton, rare, per lb., 10 min.
" well done, per lb., 15 min.
Pie Crust, 30 to 40 min.
Pork, well done, per lb., 30 min.
Potatoes, 30 to 45 min.
Pudding, Bread, Rice & Tapioca, 1 hour.
" Plum, 2 to 3 hours.
Rolls, 10 to 15 min.
Turkey, 10 lbs., 3 hours.
Veal, well done, per lb., 20 min.

BOILING

Asparagus, 15 to 20 min.
Bass, per lb., 10 min.
Beans, shell, 1 to 2 hours.
" string, 2 hours.
Beef-a-la-mode, 3 to 4 hours.
Beets, young, 45 to 60 min.
Blue Fish, per lb., 10 min.
Brown Bread, 3 hours.
Cabbage, young, 30 to 45 min.
Carrots, 45 to 60 min.
Cauliflower, 30 to 45 min.
Celery, 30 to 45 min.
Chickens, 45 to 60 min.
Clams, 3 to 5 min.
Cod, per lb., 6 min.
Coffee, 3 to 5 min.



PURE AND SURE.

A pure cream of tartar powder, not containing alum, ammonia, phosphates or any adulterant. Everything used in making it is plainly printed on the label.

Cake, etc., made with it is fine grained and keeps moist and fresh.

Our Cook Book Contains
400 Recipes
Free Send stamp and address
Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

Time required for

BOILING—Continued

Corn, green, 5 to 8 min.
Corned Beef, 4 to 5 hours.
Eggs, 3 to 5 min.
Eggs, hard boiled, 10 to 20 min.
Fowls, 2 to 3 hours.
Haddock, per lb., 6 min.
Halibut, per lb., cubical, 15 min.
Ham, 5 hours.
Hominy, 1 to 2 hours.
Lamb, 1 hour.
Macaroni, 20 to 30 min.
Oatmeal, 1 to 2 hours.
Onions, 30 to 45 min.
Oysters, 3 min.
Oyster Plant, 30 to 60 min.
Parsnips, 30 to 45 min.
Peas, 15 to 20 min.
Potatoes, 20 to 30 min.
Rice, 15 to 20 min.
Salmon, per lb., cubical, 15 min.
Small Fish, per lb., 6 min.
Smoked Tongue, 3 to 4 hours.
Spinach, 20 to 30 min.
Squash, 20 to 30 min.
Sweetbreads, 20 to 30 min.
Tomatoes, 15 to 20 min.
Turkey, 2 to 3 hours.
Turnips, 30 to 45 min.
Veal, 2 to 3 hours.
Wheat, 1 to 2 hours.
Winter Vegetables, 1 to 2 hours.

BROILING

Chickens, 20 min.
Chops, 8 min.
Steak, 1 inch thick, 4 to 6 min.
" 1½ inch thick, 6 to 8 min.
Fish, small thin, 5 to 8 min.
" thick, 12 to 15 min.

FRYING

Bacon, 3 to 5 min.
Breaded Chops, 4 to 6 min.
Croquettes, 1 min.
Doughnuts, 3 to 5 min.
Fish Balls, 1 min.
Fritters, 3 to 5 min.
Muffins, 3 to 5 min.
Slices of Fish, 4 to 6 min.
Small Fish, 1 to 3 min.
Smelts, 1 min.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Voice. 


1. "Come here to me, my
2. Then three or four of the

With spirit.


Piano. 

f *p*


mer - ry, mer - ry men, "Said a ser - geant at a fair, And the
ver - y mer - ry men, Quite charm'd with the ser - geant's speech, A -



bum - kins all were ver - y mer - ry men, And they all came run - ning
greed to go, and were ver - y mer - ry when He gave them a shill - ing



there; Fat and spare, round and square, How they stare with nod - dles
each. Rib - bons gay, mu - sic play, March a - way, a - way, a -



THE RECRUITING SARGEANT.

bare; And the fi - fer fied an air, And the drum - mer drum'd his share;
 way, In the se - quel of the sto - ry, Of course, they march'd to glo - ry,

This system contains the first three staves of the piece. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

With a rub a dub, rub a dub, row dow dow, As the

This system contains the first line of the chorus, spanning three staves. The melody and accompaniment continue from the previous system.

lit - tle dogs an - swered bow wow wow, And the boys cried out hur - rah! Hur -

This system contains the second line of the chorus, spanning three staves. The melody and accompaniment continue.

rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

This system contains the third line of the chorus, spanning three staves. The melody and accompaniment continue, ending with a double bar line.

Pennsylvania

Railroad

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

PLEASURE TOURS.



FLORIDA.

February 13th and 27th, March 13th and 27th. Two weeks in the Land of Flowers on the first four tours, while tickets for last tour are good to return until May 31st. Special trains of Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars. Rate from New York \$50.00, from Philadelphia \$48.00. Proportionate rates from other points.

WASHINGTON.

February 8th, March 1st and 22nd, April 12th, May 3d and 24th. Three-day tours to the National Capital, covering railroad fare and hotel accommodation. Rate from New York \$13.00 and \$13.50, from Philadelphia \$11.00.

TOURIST AGENT AND CHAPERON ACCOMPANY EACH PARTY.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to Tourist Agent, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; 1196 Broadway, New York; 660 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or 205 Washington Street, Boston.

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Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

GEO. W. BOYD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

SIMPLE SUGGESTIONS BY WHICH WOMEN MAY IMPROVE THEIR APPEARANCE.

When the hair has been neglected cut it to an even length and wash the scalp nightly with soft water into which ammonia has been poured.

This may be strong as possible at first, so that it does not burn the skin. Afterward the proportions may be three large spoonfuls of ammonia to a basin of water. Apply with a brush, stirring the hair well while the head is partially immersed.

A healthy system will supply oil enough for the hair if the head is kept clean. If the scalp is unnaturally dry, a mixture of half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia in a pint of sweet oil makes the most esteemed hair invigorator.

Glycerine and ammonia make a delicate dressing for the hair, and will not soil the nicest bonnet.

Pomades of all kinds are voted vulgar, and justly. The only excuse for their use is just before entering a sea bath, when a thorough oiling of the hair prevents injury from salt water. It should be speedily washed off with a dilution of ammonia.

When a growth of young hair is established it ought to lengthen at least eight inches a year in a vigorous subject. Hair is an index of vitality.

A lady of fashion decreed 100 strokes of the brush to be given her celebrated locks daily, and those who have tried the experiment find that it is not at all too much.

Given quickly, this number occupies three minutes in bestowing, and surely this is little enough time to give a fine head of hair.

Once a month the ends of the hair should be cut to remove the forked ends, which stop its growth.

The best remedy for ill-used tresses is strict care; glossy, vitalized tresses, kept in order by constant brushing, assume by degrees a better color.

WOMEN AS PREACHERS.

REV. ANNA SHAW AT THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

When I went to a school of theology a man said to me that women could not preach because God had made their brains incapable of making a correct exegesis.

"Perhaps so," I said. "But, at any rate, God has given them gumption. And if they find themselves preaching to empty churches they'll have gumption enough to get out of the pulpit into the pew. And that's a pretty good kind of gumption for any preacher, male or female to have."

Receipts for May.

Plain Strawberry Shortcake.—Make a crust with one-half more shortening than for biscuit (*see next receipt*). Roll in two sheets. Spread the under one with butter, place the other on top and bake. When baked, separate layers and place mashed and sweetened fruit between and on top. Or the crust can be baked in one piece and split and buttered after baking. Peach, orange, apple and rhubarb shortcakes are very nice. Serve with cream.

Biscuit.—Sift with one quart flour two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and one-half teaspoonful salt. Rub in shortening (butter and lard mixed) the size of an egg, and wet with enough sweet milk to make soft dough. Handle as little as possible and roll out about one inch thick. Cut the desired size, and bake twenty minutes. Do not have the oven *too hot* at first—*increase the heat*.

A rounded
teaspoonful of



Cleveland's Baking Powder

does more and better work
than a heaping



teaspoonful of others.

*Cleveland's Baking Powder,
"Pure" and "Sure."*

Baking Powder Omelet.—Beat up smooth the yolks of four eggs in a dish. Then beat up into a froth with a fork the whites of the four eggs in another dish and sprinkle on the same one-half teaspoonful of Cleveland's Baking Powder. Mix the whites and yolks and pour into a hot pan and cook the same as for any other omelet. The success of the omelet is in the beating with a fork, and after the omelet is cooked, in getting it onto the plate in its foamy deliciousness.

Sally Lunn.—One pint flour, two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, one-half teaspoonful salt. Beat two eggs, whites and yolks separately, add to yolks one-half cup sweet milk or water. Stir slowly into flour, and add one-half cup melted butter. Stir in whites last. Bake in muffin pans two-thirds full.

Fig Cake.—One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, one-half cup cornstarch, whites of six eggs. Bake in two layers, and fill with fig filling. Chop one pound figs, add one-half cup sugar and one cup water. Stew until soft and smooth. Spread between the layers, and ice the whole cake with boiled icing.

Our Cook Book Contains

400 Receipts

Covering the whole subject, from soup to dessert.

Free Send stamp and address

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
87 Fulton St. New York.

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

Piano. *p* *dolce.*

1. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the
 2. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When brown
 3. On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the

sweet spring-time did fall, Was the mil - ler's love - ly
 au - tumn spreads its store, There I saw the mil - ler's
 win - ter snow fell fast, Still was seen the mil - ler's

daugh - ter Fair - est of them all. For his
 daugh - ter, But she smil'd no more; For the
 daugh - ter; Chill - ing blew the blast! But the

ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

bride a sol-dier sought her, And a win-ning tongue had
sum-mer grief had brought her, And the sol-dier, false was
mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter Both from cold and care was

he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,
he; On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,
free; On the banks of Al-lan Wa-ter,

None was gay as she.
None was sad as she.
There a corse lay she.

dim. *rit.* *pp*



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for **Sapolio** to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist upon having just what you ordered.

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Finish.

Nine Patterns,
Popular Weights.

Prices, \$100 to \$135.

Fitted with the world-famous Bartlett
"clinch" or Palmer tire.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

REMINGTON ARMS COMP'Y

313-315 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers of

The Remington Celebrated Fire Arms,
of World-Wide Reputation.



This is a
LUMP
of
GUM
CHICLE

It is the solidified sap of a tree growing in Mexico. The sap is gathered much the same as we collect Maple sap in this country. It is about the color of rich cream, sweet tasting, perfectly clean, and absolutely harmless.

This is the only Gum used by PRIMLEY in making his

**California Fruit
Chewing Gum**

THE BEST AND PUREST GUM MADE.

Sold by all Dealers. Insist on PRIMLEY'S.

Send 5 outside wrappers of either California Fruit or PRIMLEY'S Pepsin Chewing Gum, with two 2-cent stamps, and we will send you "The World's Desire," by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, or any other one of our 1,700 fine books. Send for list.

J. P. PRIMLEY, Chicago, Ill.

Receipts for June.

Asparagus Soup.—Boil one quart of asparagus (cut in inch lengths) in one quart of water until tender; rub through a colander and return to the water in which it was boiled. Heat one pint milk, stir into it one tablespoonful butter rubbed with one of flour, and cook a few moments. Season, and pour into asparagus. Let get boiling hot, pour into tureen over toasted bread cut into dice. Serve at once.

Cottage Pudding with Strawberry Sauce.—One cup of milk, one half cup of sugar, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder sifted with one pint flour. Bake half an hour, and serve with

Strawberry Sauce.—One large tablespoonful butter beaten to a cream. Add gradually one and one-half cups powdered sugar, and the beaten white of one egg. Beat till very light, and just before serving add one pint mashed strawberries.

You
know what you are
eating when you use

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Its true composition is
given on every label.

"Pure" and "Sure."

Lemon Jelly Cake.—One cup of sugar, one scant half cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of cold water, one egg, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder. Bake in layers and fill with jelly.

Jelly.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon; add one cup of sugar and one egg; beat thoroughly and boil in double boiler, till cooked. Spread when cold and frost with confectioner's sugar.

White Perfection Cake.—One cup butter rubbed with three cups sugar to a cream, one cup sweet milk, one cup corn-starch dissolved in the milk, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, whites of twelve eggs. Ice with whites of two eggs, juice and grated rind of three oranges, thickened with confectioner's sugar.

Strawberry Jelly.—One quart strawberries, one large cup sugar, juice of one lemon, two-thirds package gelatine soaked in one cup cold water, one pint boiling water. Mash berries, and strain through coarse muslin. Mix sugar and lemon juice with soaked gelatine, pour over the boiling water, stir until clear, then strain through flannel bag. Add the strawberry juice, strain again, without squeezing the bag. Wet a mold, with a cylinder in center, pour in the jelly and set on ice to form. When served, fill center with sweetened whipped cream.

Our Cook Book Contains

400 Receipts

Covering the whole subject from soup to dessert.

Free

Send stamp and address

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,
81 Fulton St., New York.

RETURN, O MY LOVE!

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

G. HERBERT RODWELL.

Return, O my love, and we'll never, never part While the moon her soft light shall shed! I'll

hold thee fast to my vir-gin heart, And my bo-som shall pillow thy head, The

breathe of the wood-bine is on my lip, Em-pearl'd in the dews of May, And

none but thou of its sweetness shall sip, Or steal its hon-ey a-way, No,

mf *pp*

RETURN, O MY LOVE!

no, no, nev-er, no, Or steal its hon-ey a-way..... *rall.* Re -

pp *ad lib.*

- turn, O my love, and we'll nev-er, nev-er part While the moon her soft light shall

a tempo. pp

shed! I'll hold thee fast to my vir - gin heart, And my

bo - som shall pil-low thy head, yes, yes, And my bo-som shall pillow thy head.

pp *rall.* *pp* *pp* *rall.* *ppp*

The New English Perfume.
Crab Apple Blossoms
 In 1, 2, 4, and 8 oz. Bottles.

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Annual Sales over 500,000 Bottles.



The Delicious New Perfume,
 EXTRA-CONCENTRATED.

A Veritable Luxury.

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 Not a tear—Not a cut

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Waverley



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GREATEST HIT OF THE YEAR

Gentleman's high frame, machine of superb construction, fitted with G.&J. clincher tires and all other modern improvements, warranted equal to any bicycle built, regardless of price, at only \$85.00. Warranty backed by a Million Dollar Company. Get Cata. "A" describing full line 24, 26 and 28 in. sizes Ladies' and Gents' mailed free.

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 Z St., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.



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Agents make \$200.00 per month and expenses **Cash**

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Factory Catalogue with 200 engraved designs and prices, sent free to any who want fancy iron and wire work or city, cemetery and farm fences, etc.

Note the date.

Marion Harland writes an open letter.

May 5, 1894.

Participation in a newspaper controversy is so distasteful to me that I have refrained until now from making public over my own signature the simple facts relative to a letter written in November, 1887, which commended a certain baking powder "so far as I had any experience in the use of such compounds."

In 1890 I prepared a new edition of "Common Sense in the Household." Many of the old fashioned receipts called for cream of tartar and soda, for which it was necessary to substitute baking powder. I then carefully tested six different baking preparations. Finding Cleveland's Baking Powder the best in quality, the most economical in use, and always sure to give uniform results, I did what every intelligent housekeeper who keeps pace with the progress in domestic science would do, adopted Cleveland's Baking Powder and have used it ever since.

Under these circumstances it is certainly not just toward me or the public for a manufacturer to continue to use, in spite of my earnest protest, an old testimonial (frequently too with the date suppressed), and one that in the rapid growth of the culinary art may fairly be regarded as outlawed. It cannot assuredly bear truthfully the caption "Up to Date."

I therefore write this open letter to correct any false impressions that may have been made.

I wish to add further that real merit is the only consideration that ever has or ever could induce me to recommend any article to the public.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marion Harland

SUNDAY.

[Sonntag.]

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

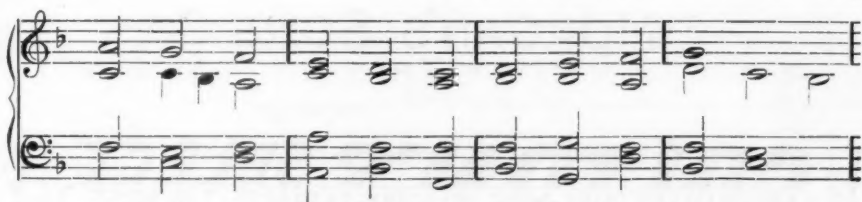
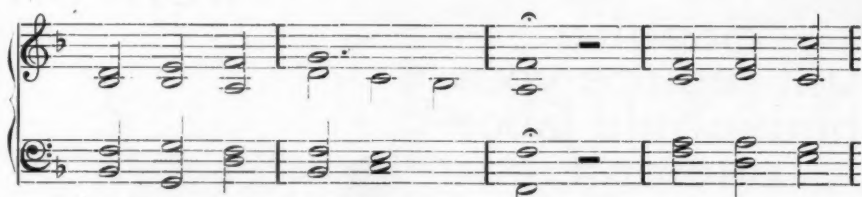
CORNELIUS GURLITT. Op. 101, No. 18.

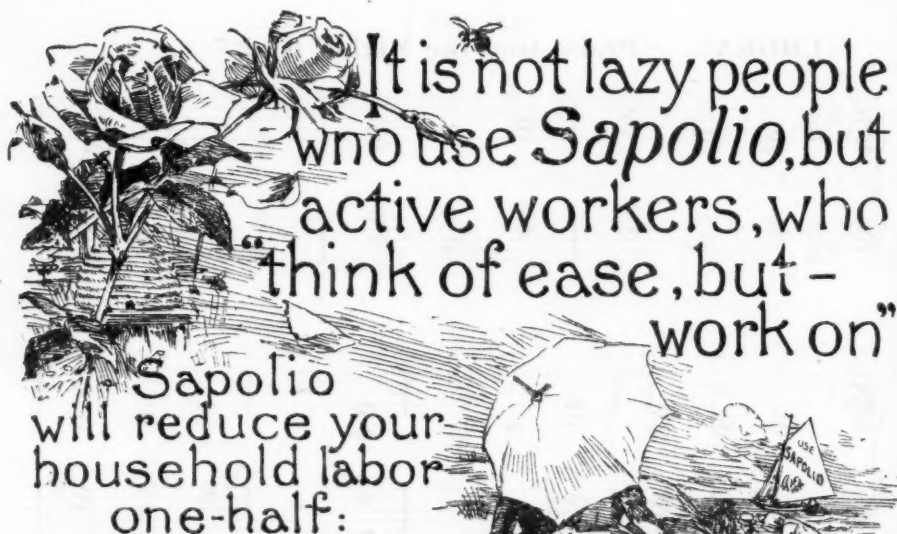
Lento.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked *Lento.* The dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *smorz.* (diminuendo). The score features a variety of musical notations, including chords, single notes, and rests, with some notes marked with 'x'.

SUNDAY.

CHORAL.—“Praise God the Mighty King.”





It is not lazy people
who use *Sapolio*, but
active workers, who
"think of ease, but -
work on"

Sapolio
will reduce your
household labor
one-half:

Take no substitutes

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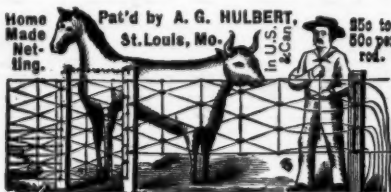
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LAND-OWNERS save one-half the cost
avoid dangerous barbs
Agents make \$200.00 per month and expenses **Cash**
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NORTHERN STRAINS.

(Nordische Klänge.)

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

CORNELIUS GURLITT. Op. 101 No. 4.

Allegretto.

Piano. *f marcato molto.*

f cres.

f marcato molto.

f cres.

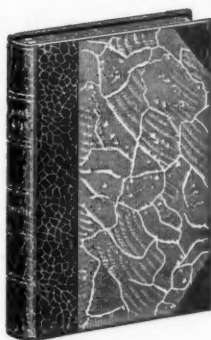
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(Schlummerlied.)

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CORNELIUS GURLITT. Op. 101, No. 6.

Moderato.

Piano. *p* *pronunziato il canto.*

The musical score is written for piano. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature is G major (one sharp), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the dynamic is 'Piano. p pronunziato il canto.' The score is divided into four systems, each with a right-hand staff and a left-hand staff. The melody is written in a simple, lyrical style, and the accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

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SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

KEEP FOR ME A TRUSTING HEART!

BALLAD.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

J. P. SKELLY.

p Moderato, con espressione.

1. Tho' I wan - der from your side, love, You will live in mem - 'ry
 2. Let the days with hope be bright, love, Sing for - ev - er love's re -

dear, And tho' miles our hearts di - vide, love,
 frain, — Let the star - shine of the night, love,

You will seem for - ev - er near. Tho' I now must leave you lone - ly,
 Call me back to you a - gain! Dream of future love and glad-ness

Deem me faith-ful while a - part, I have vowed to love you
 When we meet no more to part, Smile a - way your tears of

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KEEP FOR ME A TRUSTING HEART!

p *rit.*

on - ly— Keep for me a trust - ing heart!
sad - ness, Keep for me a trust - ing heart!

p *coll voce.*

Refrain.

Think of me when far a - way, love,—

Let your love-dreams ne'er de - part, Soon will come our hap - py

day, love, Keep for me a trust - ing heart!.....

A Ballad



of Sapolio.



young house-maid
Was sore afraid
That her mistress would let her go.
Tho' hard she worked,
And never shirked,
At cleaning she was s-l-o-w.

Now. all is bright,
Her heart is light,
For she's found....

Sapolio.



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"The Quiet Hours for the Quick Witted" department will be much enlarged and strengthened; for instance, the \$5.00 Prize Puzzle, which appears in the November, 1894, issue, will be followed by others of a similar nature.

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THE PARTY AT THE ZOO.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son., Phila., Pa.

By APSLEY STREET.

Allegretto.

1. One morn-ing in the Sum-mer-time, The birds out at the Zoo, Said
 2. The Mon-kies said they'd sure-ly come If they could get a chance, The
 3. So ver-y soon, one sun-ny morn, They met up-on the lawn, The

they would give a part-y, And in-vite the an-i-mals too; The
 Kan-ga-roo said, "he would too And have a lit-tle dance;" The
 Cock-a-too cried, "how-de-doo," And scared the tim-id Fawn; The

Goose she made a lit-tle pen Out of a pret-ty quill, And
 Li-on said, he'd be a-round And bring the sly Ra-coon, The
 El-e-phant, and Nan-ny-Goat With rib-bons on her horns, Went

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THE PARTY AT THE ZOO.



served the in - vi - ta - tions, Which she car - ried in her bill.....
big brown Bear said he'd be there, And hug the old Bab - boon.....
danc - ing 'round, and trod up - on The poor old Cam - el's corns.....



Refrain.



Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la,



Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, Tra, la, la.



4. They had a supper, very nice,
The Buffaloes ate hay;
The Kittens gobbled up some mice,
The Deer had grass all day.
The Goats ate pop-corn paper, and
The Frogs on worms were fed;
The Monkeys munched fresh pea-nuts,
And the Ducks had milk and bread.

5. Night came at last, the moon was up,
And music was the thing,
The Crickets, Owls, and Katty-did's,
Then all began to sing.
The Ducks and Geese began to quack,
The Tiger shook his head;
The Lion said, "let's say our prayers
'Tis time to go to bed."

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If you have a red nose,
Pimples, freckles,
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MONEY MAKING EASY. SAFE. SURE.

How often you hear some one say: "Oh! he's a millionaire. No wonder he can make money fast. Any one with a million can make another million easily enough." Money makes money. Its possession acts like a giant magnet to attract more money. It is easier to make a million with a million than to make a hundred with a hundred. "It is the first thousand that is the hardest of all to get." But most millionaires started with nothing. You can succeed as they have if you take advantage of every opportunity. Every business trade is a speculation. To buy low and sell high is the aim of every trader no matter whether the article dealt in be cattle, shoes, clothing, wheat, bonds or stocks. Speculation is alike the life of trade and the source of vast fortunes. Trading in stock and grain pays bigger than trading in anything else. There is always a buyer ready. The market is constantly changing. Deals are quickly made. You can invest and re-invest your money many times the same day, realizing small, quick profits in every trade. And these profits soon aggregate a large sum. Our plan puts you on the same basis as a millionaire. We take your money—\$29 to \$1000—and put it with the money of 1000 others. We have a million to operate with. We make money—make it quickly—safe.

Here is the profit we have paid our customers since January 1, 1894.

January 1, 1894.	12 per cent.	June 1, 7 1-2 per cent.
January 15, 10 "	15, 7 1-2 "	July 1, 7 1-2 "
February 1, 11 "	17, 7 "	August 1, 8 "
March 1, 9 "	18, 7 "	September 1, 7 1-2 "
April 15, 8 "	19, 7 "	October 1, 8 "
May 1, 8 1-2 "	20, 7 "	
June 1, 8 "	21, 7 "	

Making a total of 173 1-2 per cent in 289 days. A sum which in selling dry goods would require five years to earn, or in owning real estate would take 15 years to earn.

Our charge for making this profit for our customers is one-tenth of their net profit.

We have never lost a dollar for any customer in any of our combinations.

We have not a dissatisfied customer.

Money can be withdrawn at any time.

Profits are promptly by check on the 1st and 16th day of each month.

Write to us for further information, for free circulars and for our weekly market report. Our system is interesting even if you think you do not care to join us.

FISHER CO., Stock and Grain Brokers,
18 & 20 Broadway, New York City.

